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HOW THE PERSIANS LIVE.

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THE difficulty in writing about such a country as Persia in a way to give a graphic and comprehensible picture of the inner as well as the outer life of its inhabitants, lies in the radical difference between their ideas, their aims, their conceptions of right and wrong and our own. "Put yourself in his place," is the great recipe that Charles Reade gave in one of his most successful novels; but that is a difficult feat when the Persian is in "his place" and you in yours. "Life is real, life is earnest," says the poet, but life in Persia is neither real nor earnest. It is a sham and a pretense from beginning to end, a living lie. Thomas Hobbes came nearer to it when he spoke of "the life of man—poor, nasty, brutish, and short."

With the upper classes in Persia life is indeed one great fleeting show, but how about the ninety-and-nine who belong to the lower orders? Alas, theirs is a life-long drudgery of the most unworthy and hopeless kind! Such a sight is saddening at any time and in any place, but more melancholy here because this people, albeit the stamp of former greatness has almost totally worn off, is still possessed of much native intelligence, of mother-wit, of shrewdness and cunning, of a love and taste for poetry and the arts quite abnormal under existing circumstances. And yet, how have the mighty fallen! Their mental faculties perverted; their once pure and lofty religion transformed into a mass of meaningless formulas; their manly courage turned into pompous cowardice; their morality of such a low type that even with the

"unspeakable Turk" the modern Farsee (Persian) has become a by-word and a reproach, and things unmentionable that go in the Occident by the appellation of "French vices" are by the other Moslems dubbed Persian ones.

Let me try to give a faithful portrait of the average Persian. Under a thin veneering of good-nature, hospitality, politeness, and amiability he conceals every one of the seven deadly sins. It is a significant fact that no words corresponding to our love, gratitude, virtue, honor, patriotism, conscience, or penitence exist in modern Persia. The words serving as substitutes have altogether different meanings. "*Tackwah*" means piety, or rather observance of the ritualistic laws: "*hunner*" does not mean honor, but smartness and cunning; "*nemeki haclâl*" and "*nemeki haerâm*" (literally, good salt and bad salt) only refer to the rules of hospitality; "*peslimani*" is not penitence, but grief at the non-success of a scheme, and "*ishk*" is not love, but the only feeling the Persian knows under that name.

That the Persian is a phenomenal liar is well-known, and needs not to be dwelt upon. Like most cowards he is also fond of inflicting pain where he may do so safely. Cruelty seems inborn with him. I have seen little children of both sexes stoning a poor cur to death and literally hacking a miserable cat to pieces, just for the fun of the thing, and without any interference from their parents, often even with their active co-operation. The death penalty is usually carried out



LANDSCAPE IN PERSIA.
On the road to Resht.

with a view of making the culprit undergo the most horrible tortures, and of affording a grateful sight to the callous populace. On the Koop-Kapu in Teheran, the square in the heart of the city where the executions usually take place, a half-score of delinquents are often placed on the raised platform, surmounted by the pole painted a brilliant scarlet. In full sight of the rabble assembled their throats are cut, their hearts torn out, their ears and noses slit, their tongues pulled out, their eyes seared, or boiling pitch poured over their naked bodies, to everybody's great delectation except the parties directly concerned. Along the highways one meets, stuck in the ground, short hollow pillars with the upper opening closed with gypsum. Each of these contains a man, a condemned criminal, walled up alive. Faint groans may often be heard by passers-by, for this mode of death is slow and very painful; but nobody thinks it worth his while to liberate the poor wretch or to terminate his sufferings by a

merciful blow. "Kismet!" they say. "Such is fate!"

Moderate in eating, the Persian only drinks to get drunk. The Koran forbids him to indulge in spirituous or any other kind of intoxicating liquors, but the well-to-do classes invariably break this law. Having once violated their consciences, they generally go to the extreme. In his *anderoun* (harem) the Persian, with his boon companions and dependents around him, will drink the fiery raw spirit called *arrak*, or the heady wine of the country, till he drops like a log on his rug. Of other stimulants he uses opium (*theriak*) and *hasheesh* (*bheng*). Opium is made into little pills, generally mixed with attar of roses or some other flavoring substance, and is partaken of in moderation, mostly only while traveling, to better bear fatigue. *Hasheesh* is in common use, more especially with the dervishes and priests, who work themselves into a frenzied condition by means of it. Tea is the national beverage, and is drunk incessantly. Strange

to say, it is of poor quality, very weak, and is sweetened so as to taste more like poor molasses than anything else. Coffee is drunk very little, and only on state occasions. The Persian proverb has it:

"*Âi sya rok ke nam est Kahweh,
Kall-e-naum Katchee e shakweh.*"

(Bean of black face, coffee is thy name,
That sleep may flee, and pleasure sleep.)

Tobacco is likewise indulged in to an incredible extent. It is mostly smoked in Persian water-pipes (*ghalyân*). If the tobacco is of the Shiraz brands, it is very good, but strong; and the Persian smoker will smoke so many pipes a day—often forty to fifty—as to be in a "state of happiness" called "*keff*" early in the afternoon. This means a species of narcosis brought on by their peculiar manner of smoking; that is, inhaling the smoke, allowing it to penetrate the lungs, and then letting it escape by the nose and ears. As tobacco is excessively cheap

and time no object to the average Persian, this variety of dissipation is the most prevalent one, and one not forbidden by the Koran, either. While the "*keff*" lasts, the pupils of the eyes are dilated, and a sort of drowsy indifference to all outside objects seems to pervade the smoker. A curious fact in connection with the use of tobacco in Persia is the manner in which its solace is provided by venders in the street to all passers-by. Cigars are not sold there, but the venders, each carrying a goodly supply of pipes and tobacco with him, are plentiful. For two cents anybody can sit down in the street and smoke a well-filled *ghalyân*. This takes him about thirty minutes to do.

The relations of the sexes are simply scandalous. Woman is on the lowest plane imaginable. The Persian values a fine horse much more highly than any of his wives. Polygamy and concubinage are much more frequent here than in Turkey. The average Persian is the slave of the grossest sensuality.



PERSIAN DENTIST.

Yet with all that there is paternal and filial affection, and women often wield an occult influence hard to account for and harder to combat. The Persian is capable of great mental and physical exertion; but he abhors it. He has the gift of imitation but not of invention. He never gives way to anger unless he can afford it. Saadi tells a little fable that is as characteristic of the Persian of to-day as it was in his own time. A dervish being once grossly insulted by a mighty personage, nursed his wrath for fifteen years. Then, his way leading him along a certain highroad, he saw his enemy, fallen into disgrace and stripped of all power, nailed to the cross and nearly expiring. The dervish deliberately

aleikom!" (Peace be with thee!) he will greet his worst enemy with, and the latter will respond, "*O aleikom essalam o rahmet Allah!*" (Also with thee be peace and the forbearance of Allah!) In parting he will say, "*Khosh amâdi*" (Thou camest propitiously), "*sôfa âwurdee*" (Thou broughtest comfort), "*musharaf muzzâin*" (I am honored by thy visit), etc., and the reply will be, "*Lutf awli kem neshawad!*" (May the kindness of the Most High never diminish), etc., which will not prevent either of them from cutting the other's throat if the chance be favorable, nor from intriguing against and lying about the other. Even the servants are ridiculously polite toward one



GROUP OF HASHEESH SMOKERS.

went in search of a big, jagged stone, found one and threw it at the dying man. This, Saadi says, was what a wise man should do.

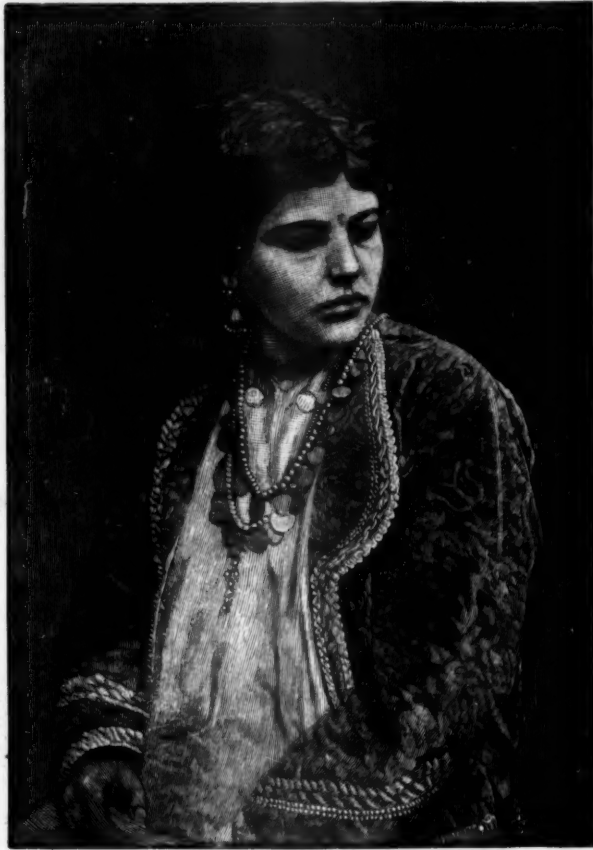
The Persian, just the reverse of the Turk, is proverbial for his polished manners. He is very fond of polite phrases and terms of endearment and welcome. But you must never take him literally. "*Saalem*

another. In addressing another servant, a man will use the equivalent of "Your Highness," and will express the hope that His Highness will continue to let the sun of his countenance shine upon him.

When once the Persian throws off this cloak of politeness and affability, he becomes terribly coarse and filthy in his talk. As

with most Orientals, curses and terms of opprobrium are generally hurled vicariously, directed against the father, the mother, the ancestors of the person addressed, such as "*padar szag*" (son of a dog), "*padar sukhte*" (son of a heathen), and the like. When swearing to the truthfulness of something, the Persian will invoke his eyes, his beard, his father's grave, and "*Tsheshm*" (By my eyes), and "*Rishay mera kaffan kerdee*" (May you put my beard in the winding-sheet, that is, strike me dead) are very common asseverations. Once their torrents of abuse are let loose, and they will compete with any master of Billingsgate. Two women in Teheran I once saw hurling the most terrible string of invectives and imprecations at each other, standing in the middle of the street and giving vent to their unbridled hatred and jealousy of each other, till a eunuch came out and drove them away with a whip of rhinoceros hide.

The cowardice of the Persian has made him contemptible in the eyes of the Turk, who, whatever his faults, is certainly a lion-hearted fellow. The rulers of Persia for centuries have sprung from Koordish or Turcoman stock, and the soldiers in the Persian army of to-day are taken exclusively from those parts of Persia where the inhabitants are of Turkish or of Koordish origin and still speak their own language. To prevent them from fraternizing with the native population in other parts of Persia, the regiments are changed and changed about every six months. The common Persian feels the most supreme disdain for bravery, and the Persian word for soldier means,



PERSIAN WOMAN.

literally translated, "playing with his head."

As the Persians are filthy beyond belief in their personal habits, it is no unusual thing to see a high dignitary giving himself airs in a coat glittering with precious stones and resplendent with gold, while vermin are daintily picking their way between the clusters of diamonds on his breast, in full view of his royal master. Their public baths, although they number by the hundred in each of the larger towns, prevent cleanly habits rather than promote them. The water in the common tanks not alone serves for the ablutions of hundreds, but is changed only twice a week as a rule, while the towels furnished are never washed, and only hung out to dry in the broiling sun along the mud-



"SMOKE" VENDERS.

walls of the bathing establishments. Diseases due to or aggravated by uncleanness are, therefore, frightfully common in Persia, even among small children. As for their clothes, they put them on, like the Chinese, layer after layer, as the weather grows colder, and peel themselves again in the same fashion as the sun waxes fiercer and fiercer. They always sleep, men and women, in at least one full suit of clothes, and during the winter in a half-dozen, covering their heads tightly with a quilted skull-cap, afterward drawing the coverlet over the head, and thus preventing the fresh air from getting into their lungs.

Dishonesty is another besetting sin of theirs. If Pope had lived in Persia, he could never have hit off his terse saying, "An honest man's the noblest work of God," for he wouldn't have seen one. The only difference made in Persia is between permissible and forbidden dishonesty. They technically call the all-pervading species of permissible scoundrelism *khordan* (literally, to eat), just as in this country you never hear of a bank cashier or other trusted employee stealing money, but will always hear some more

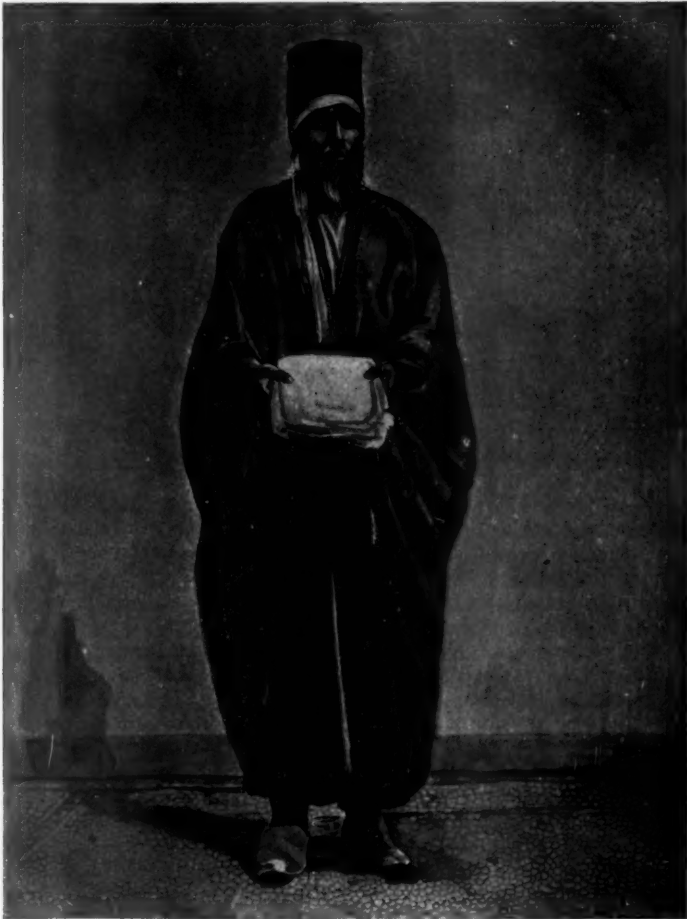
euphonious term used. Everybody in Persia "eats" in this peculiar sense, from the Grand Vizier down to the lowest menial in the stable or back-kitchen. The pay of the soldiery is "eaten" by their officers, beginning with the Minister of War, the third son of the Shah. Three-fourths of the wages of the servants are swallowed up by the stewards and head-servants before they get into their own hands. The taxes of a province are "partaken of" by the collectors, *moonshes* (secretaries), and *mirzas* (scribes), before reaching their ultimate destination. The money paid out by the Shah to repair one of his card-board palaces is "eaten" on the way, and never gets there at all. The salaries of the government officials go the same road. Another species of robbery, legalized by centuries of custom, is called *mudakhil*. It is a thievish commission exacted by the paid employee, servant or official on everything purchased. As long as this *mudakhil* remains within reasonable bounds, varying from ten to forty per cent., it is considered the proper thing. A man not transgressing these limits may proudly call himself an honest man in Persia. If he

goes beyond that, he loses caste, but probably nothing else.

In outward appearance his looks do not belie the Persian. He is somewhat below medium height, rather slender and spare of flesh, but of a good build. His skin is swarthy, and his eyes and hair are generally dark. Blonde hair one never sees, but red hair and beard are occasionally met with. His features, as a rule, are rather regular and his nose straight. What, however, spoils all this is the look of innate villainy, the scowling, cowardly, hang-dog expression of the face. A frank, open countenance, betokening good-will to men and honesty of pur-

pose, is hardly ever seen. As for the Persian costume, it is, like those of all other Moslem nations, picturesque and effective when not "improved" upon. In the higher official circles, however, some changes have been wrought since the Shah's visit to Europe, such as the addition of the Western trousers to the Persian wardrobe proper.

There are in Persia, as elsewhere, devotees to fashion, and the native dudedom finds scope for its ambition in constantly improving the lambskin cap that marks the subject of the Shah. These caps are called *kolah*, and the regulation shape for them is conical, and about sixteen inches high.



PERSIAN PRIEST.



PERSIAN WIFE AGED TWELVE YEARS.

That, at least, is the *kolah* of the common people, which may be bought for two or three *krān* apiece (thirty to forty-five cents), and are of poor finish, but rather more substantial than the costlier and finer ones. Of these the most expensive are made of Bokhara lambskin, and cost as high as ten to eighteen *tomān* (fifteen to twenty-four dollars) apiece. Any one wearing a *kolah* of this type belongs to the Persian variety of the caste of Vere de Vere. These caps require much more tender care and affectionate nursing than a fine American beaver hat, and change in style every three months. The second quality costs from three to four *tomān*, and besides these there is the *kolah* of military cut, intended for officers and soldiers, and called *kolah nizami*. These caps

are very ill adapted to the requirements of the Persian climate. They afford no protection whatever to the eye against the blinding rays of the sun, and are extremely hot and uncomfortable for the head. But such are the decrees of Persian fashion, more rigorous even than those of the Parisian goddess. The *kolah* was first introduced by the founders of the Kadjar dynasty, and has now, despite all its bad features, gained such a complete stronghold in Persia that when the present Shah, Nusr-ed-Deen, in the beginning of his reign, while still inspired by the reformatory fever, issued a firman to wear none but *kolahs* made of native lambskins and more bell-shaped and shorter, he met with a disastrous defeat. His officials would seize people in the street and cut down their

caps to the required length, but the victims would immediately go into the bazar and buy other ones of the old shape. Like all of Nusr-ed-Deen's reforms, it came to nothing.

This, then, is the main piece of a Persian's dress. The comparatively unimportant rest consists of the following: His shirt (*pirahan*), very short, buttoned on the side, and overlapping; his tight coat (*arkalook*); his *khaeba*, another coat, of one shade only; the *kamerbund* (girdle, sash, or belt, often with diamond or silver clasps); the *kuledjeh* (long coat with short sleeves); the *djubbek* (overcoat, often made of cashmere shawl); his *shalwār* (short trousers or drawers); the *djurab* (short socks); his *kafsh* or *papoosh* (shoes or slippers); and his handkerchief (*desmal*), which he uses for everything else but its original purpose—in lieu of a bag, as wrapping paper, basket, and the like.

Of weapons the Persian is very fond and proud, although he hardly ever uses them, for, as I pointed out before, personal bravery is not one of his leading traits: Ancient weapons, made by the armorers and engravers of old, are highly prized, and fabulous sums are often paid for them. The art of making fine weapons has been lost in Persia, and what really fine specimens now exist date back at least several hundreds of years. They are imitated, of course, especially in Ispahan; but comparison at once shows their spurious nature. For old guns with long stocks, chased, engraved, and embellished with small gold and silver and mother-of-pearl plates, made of Damascene steel, three hundred to seven hundred *tomān* (four hundred and fifty dollars to ten hundred and fifty dollars) are sometimes paid. The *shemsheer* (straight sword or scimeter) is likewise often artistically shaped and finished, and the same is true of the *kaemeh* (broad Circassian dagger), and the *khandshar* (pointed and curved dagger). All these weapons are, as I have said, generally worn for show, not for use, which does not, however, interfere with the fact that they would make most formidable weapons, when wielded by stout hands. The *kaemeh* especially, which resembles very much the short Roman sword, is a splendid arm in a hand-to-hand encounter. The rosary (*tisbeh*) and the signet (*mühr*) are *sine qua non*s of every Persian of the higher classes. Documents are but seldom signed, even to-day, with the

name of an individual, but have simply the seal (containing in most cases a sentence from the Koran or from some of the Persian or Arabic poets) affixed, and that gives them legal value in Persia. The rosary is used by Persians, as it is by the Turks, simply as a pastime. For hours they will let the beads glide listlessly through their outspread fingers.

As for the dress of the Persian woman, it takes a corresponding number of articles to make her presentable out-doors. The following ten pieces of clothing are considered *de rigueur*: the *chaddar*, or loose outside wrap, generally of dark-blue cloth or linen, enwrapping the whole woman from the crown of her head to the soles of her feet, with an opening left for the face; the *rouband*, or face-veil of thin white linen or gauze, with a close lattice-work of the same material over the eyes; the *chapraszt* (literally, left-right), or clasp, which fastens the *rouband* behind the head, generally made of two heavy gold coins, diamonds or other precious stones, silver, or polished steel, according to the station or wealth of the husband; the *pirahan*, or chemise; the *arkhalook*, or overskirt; the *chankchoor*, or baggy drawers; the *chargat*, or head covering; the *shalwār nizaunee*, or narrow drawers; the *zeer-jannia*, or outer drawers; *kafsh* or *coolizeh*, tiny slippers and stockings. The material for all this varies in costliness according to the means of the woman, silk, velvet, cloth, cotton, even felt being used. Again, the shades and patterns of these articles of clothing vary greatly, but not the form, that having proved immutable since the beginning of the present century. The indoor costume of the women is altogether different; that is, at least with the young women of the *anderouns*, not so in the case of the women of sober years, both rich and poor. Indoors there is no *chaddar*, no *rouband*, no *chapraszt*, no *chargat*, no *zeer-jannia*, and no *chankchoor*, but instead merely a *pirahan*, a coquettish little jacket of velvet, lots of jewelry and perfume and—that's all.

In their diet the Persians are very dainty; at least, so far as the quantity they eat and the material chosen from is concerned: and this despite the fact that a Persian meal consists of scores, often of hundreds of dishes. Rice, soup, bread, sour milk, mutton,

chicken, and dried fruit form the staple of their daily fare. Beef is tough all over Persia, while mutton is excellent, of exquisite flavor, and very juicy and tender. Mutton then, with chicken, composes their meat diet. Game of almost every kind is eschewed, it being considered either *makruh* (improper) or *haelat* (impure). When eaten at all, it must be quite fresh and recently killed. There are three kinds of bread. That commonly used in towns is called *naane surzek* (wheat bread), while in the country they eat barley bread (*naane djeouw*) and a mixture of both, called *naane dehati* (peasants' bread). Although there is a great deal of game in Persia, such as pheasant, wild pigeon, partridge, snipe, chamois, argali (mountain sheep), gazelle, deer, hare, and wild boar, and while the Persian is fond of sport and kills much game, very little of it is consumed.

The two Persian national dishes are called *tchillaw* and *pillaw*. Boiled rice forms the basis of each. In *pillaw* they use more butter (*ghee*, a fearful stuff), dried fruit of all kinds, small shreds or squares of meat, etc., with saffron, sugar, etc., often coating the whole surface. Like the Japanese, the Persians excel in boiling rice, each grain standing out separately in the huge dish. Besides, the rice of Ghilan is of prime quality. Rice boiled in milk and afterward spiced (called *sheerberindj*) is also a favorite dish of theirs. But *ash* (soup) is the criterion of fashionable Persian cookery. It is not very palatable to our Western taste. They use broth in some cases, but generally make their soups sour and thick as mush, adding lime or lemon juice to it for flavoring purposes. The greatest Persian delicacy is a paste made of rice-flour and bestrewed with sugar and pistachios. It is called *yakhd dar behisht* (literally, jelly from Heaven), but has an insipid taste, and would hardly be eaten by even a ravenous school-boy here. Sour milk (*maast*) they are inordinately fond of, so much so that the Persian theologians make a great point of assuring the believers that Mohammed expressly included never-failing brooks of sour milk amongst the delights of the Moslem paradise. And when a Persian grandee, for some years diplomatically employed at European courts, assured the Shah that sour milk did not form a daily attraction on the tables of Western potentates, His Majesty

could not express enough astonishment and disgust at the fact. "What," he said, "a mighty monarch and not sour milk every day? Pshaw, that surpasses belief!" Many things, on the other hand, which we look upon as delicacies, the Persian holds as of no account. Thus, their delicious iced drinks called sherbet, some excellent baked-meat pies and truffles, they make very little of. Truffles, called *tumbul-e-zamine* (earth boils), are very common in some parts of Persia. If the average Western stomach refuses to be comforted with the products of their culinary art, at least their skill and the great number of their dishes, deserve mention. Of *pillaws* alone over two hundred varieties exist.

A great deal has been said about Persian wine. Their own poets, Hafiz especially, have waxed eloquent whenever touching the subject. To a non-Persian palate, however, only the Shiraz wine seems worthy of praise. That, to be sure, has a most delicate and fine flavor—a flavor all its own—comparable to none other. The wonder is, that the wine has not long ago become a staple export article with the Persians, for it is certain that every European connoisseur who puts his lips to it at once declares it incomparable. With the European diplomatic corps in Teheran, for instance, the finer brands of Shiraz wine have always the preference over all other wines from their cellars when imbibed with a *recherché* dinner. Some dozen or so of the curiously shaped bottles in which it is put up (bottles that look much like an exaggerated edition of the pocket brandy flask) once found their way into a London restaurant, and were eagerly bought and drunk. But no attempt has been made to introduce Shiraz wine in larger quantities into Europe or America. It is not expensive, even the most exquisite brands of it.

As for the rest of their liquors, date brandy, known even in the days of Mohammed, is not bad; but their raw spirits called *arrak* is abominable. And yet of this, like the modern Turk of his soul-benumbing *mastique*, the Persian will consume huge quantities. Luckily for these drunkards, the climate of Central Persia makes the bad effects of these frequent dissipations not nearly so pronounced as would be the case here under similar circumstances, and tell-tale noses and other facial signs of hard drinking

are generally absent. A notable exception to this rule was Ardashir Mirza, an uncle of the Shah, a man who achieved a national reputation as the unconquered champion at a drinking bout, and who went to his grave not many years ago happy in the knowledge. Once, when the question of levying a prohibitive tariff on all foreign wines was mooted in the presence of the Shah, and somebody threw in the objection that it would be too difficult to watch the frontier, Nusr-ed-Deen said:

"Send my Uncle Ardashir there! He won't let a drop of anything escape him!"

The home life of the modern Persian is not as dull and devoid of intellectual pleasures as the low state of education and of general knowledge would lead one to suppose. The Persian enjoys the society of his womankind of every species, and while he undoubtedly is their tyrant and bond-master, he is on the whole an indulgent one to his wives, *seeg-hays* (temporary wives), and slaves. They play on the Persian lute, and dance to him, and tell him stories of the interminable, wildly imaginative kind in true Scheherezade style. But what delights the average Persian more than anything else is the reciting of poetry. The whole nation is fairly imbued with poetry; it oozes out of them on every occasion. Even the speech of the common drudge is impregnated with it. Thus, then, the well-to-do Persian will assemble his friends and relatives in the *biroun* (the man's apartments, the Turkish *selamlık*), and then some clever *mirza* (learned man or scribe) or else an original poet will recite page after page from Persia's great national poets—from Firdusi and Djellal-Eddin and Saadi, but especially from Hafiz, the great singer of love and wine. These recitations will be interlarded with conversations about poetry, romance, the national legendary lore, or Oriental literature and science in general. The *ghalyān* travels around incessantly meanwhile, and servants bring in dish after dish of sweetmeats, sherbet, or tea.

Education, it is true, is woefully deficient in Persia; and yet, bad as it is, it is quite generally distributed. The well-to-do keep private tutors (*laleh*) for their children, who teach them the rules of behavior (*adab*), reading, writing, the Koran, the poets, and rhetoric. Here, as well as in the common

schools (*mektab*), where the schoolmaster (*akhoon*) teaches the young idea how to shoot, a discreet, orderly behavior is first and foremost insisted on. Oriental phlegm is drilled into the youngster, so that it is quite surprising to see how cool and self-possessed young boys of ten or twelve soon learn to be. I have seen the young son of the present Minister of Foreign Affairs, Yahia Khan, receive his father's guests in the stately halls of the paternal palace with a *grandezza* and natural decorum that would have reflected credit on the average American Secretary of State. And yet the youngster was but fourteen, and measured barely five feet in height. Girls are often allowed to join in their brothers' lessons, but never beyond their ninth year, when they approach maturity and must no longer be seen by strangers without the *rouband* (veil).

Schools are plentifully sprinkled all over Persia, and although the amount of learning acquired there is not excessive, consisting as it does merely of a knowledge of so many chapters of the Koran and of the rudiments of reading and writing, still that much at least most Persian boys of the age of fourteen do know. The Royal College in Teheran, where European professors teach thoroughly and successfully all the branches that make up the curriculum of the average American college, leaving out Latin and Greek, however, and substituting French and Arabic for it, next stands open to the student, or else he receives the rest of his schooling at home from a more advanced tutor. With a superficial knowledge of French, together with the other branches already enumerated, the young Persian may aspire to any position in the land, even the highest, always provided that his father or some of his father's friends have a little influence at court, or at least with the governor of the province. Once the post of *mirza* (scribe) be secured for a Persian youth in the house of a powerful man, and he may rise to the greatest and most lucrative offices in the State.

In this plan of education, it will be perceived, the exact sciences have no place. These the Persian considers, not beyond his ken, but beyond his needs. He learns, with the aid of a counting-machine, how to add and subtract. But that is as far as his arithmetical knowledge goes. Even the Shah and his ministers know no more, and

more is actually not required in Persia. In a country where time counts for nothing, the difficulty of multiplication is gotten over by adding and adding always the same number; and division is a feat beyond their understanding.

Persian is the universal language in Western Asia, an eminence to which the elegance of its style, the finish of its construction, and, above all, its rich literature justly entitle it. It sounds harsh to the untutored ear, but when compared to Turkish, Koordish, or Arabic, it is less so. At any rate, Persian occupies that place in Turkestan, Afghanistan, Seistan, Beloochistan, Bokhara, and even a great part of the Caucasus and of India, which the French language still holds in the polite circles of Europe.

Persian writing is very difficult, and even the most cultured people seldom master it completely. The highest officers of State are not ashamed of practicing, in their leisure hours, the art of calligraphy, and a good handwriting is something to be proud of indeed. The Shah will show to this day, with pardonable pride, a series of letters he has succeeded in forming exceptionally well. In the Persian mind their early masters of calligraphy rank side by side with their fabled hero Rustum, and even ahead of their national poets. There are three styles of writing in vogue—the *kuranee*, the *nāstalik*, and the *shikaste*, while the *shikaste-nāstalik* is a sort of business shorthand composed of the two latter styles. The *kuranee* uses the characters employed in the Koran, whence the name, and is obsolete, as far as practical purposes are concerned. The other two styles show more flowing and graceful outlines. The Persian has a delicate ear for rhythm and prosody, and a mistake in this respect rarely escapes him.

Even of the uneducated Persians few are wholly unacquainted with the literature of their country, and nearly all of them have learned by heart many passages and sayings of the more popular poets. Geography and history are sealed books to the Persian, however. Even the best informed have but a hazy idea of it. What passes for history with them is nothing but a net-work of absurd fables, legends, and traditions, wherein truth has but a slender part. The Shah employs, at a good round salary, a potent, grave, and reverend seignior, who is styled

the court historian, and whose official duty it is to compose a chronicle descriptive of the reign and triumphs of Nusr-ed-Deen, but who is likewise supposed to know all about the previous rulers of the country. This gentleman, however, might possibly find remunerative employment elsewhere as the champion liar of the world, but certainly nowhere else as historian. His tales, oral and written, are for the most part the fabric of a very active and florid imagination, and as such are a success. Printing is wholly neglected in Persia, and what few philosophical ideas they have are the grotesquely changed dicta of Aristotle (*Arista*) and Plato (*Iflatun*) filtered down to them through ages and the medium of their Arab conquerors twelve hundred years ago. As a general thing, it may be stated right here that the Persian is incapable of exactness or logic. He abhors the naked fact, and relies on his imagination to supply him with all the data he may lack.

In the same measure, however, as he lacks exact information on almost every subject, the Persian puts his trust in almost every form of superstition. And this is true from the highest down to the lowest. The Persian believes there is no such thing as chance. He is firmly convinced that a special Providence actively interferes in even the minutest and most trivial affairs of life. As Hoyle says, "When in doubt take the trick!" so the Persian, when in doubt, will also resort to a trick—counting his rosary. If the number of beads at the catch, counting from the one he picked up at random, be an uneven one, especially if it be thirteen or nine, he will not do the business in hand, conclude the bargain he was haggling for, nor even take a stroll in the open air, no matter how strong the inducement. The ancient Greeks likewise believed in oracles, but not so extensively as the Persians of to-day. They will question their oracles (*istekhaveh*) at every occasion. For minor things the rosary is made the arbiter, for important ones the Koran and the poets Hafiz and Saadi. The tombs of the latter are also much frequented for the same purpose. On the gravestone a volume of Hafiz is placed, opened by an innocent child at random, and the latter's index-finger placed on any spot his eye happens to strike on that page. If the passage be something after this strain, "Happy art

thou, oh, son of the faith, for Allah will bless thee!" it is considered a lucky omen. If the words portend evil, the project in hand is off.

The astrologers (*moonadshim*) are still as omnipotent in Persia to-day as they once were in mediæval Europe. Important matters of state are never broached unless the horoscope has before pronounced favorably upon it. The Shah himself will not undertake anything without having first consulted the horoscope (*taleh*), not even a hunting excursion of a day or so, nor the purchase of a new slave girl. There are also all kinds of "signs." Stumbling over any obstacle early in the day, a fit of sneezing before setting out on a journey, the untoward crawling of a spider across the road, or the scattered flight of some birds—these are all signs of evil foreboding. The flight of birds is still as carefully observed by the Persians as it once was by the Roman augurs, and if a crow should happen to fly across his path when leaving his palace, the Shah will immediately turn back. It is the same with his grantees, even with most of the few Persians who have spent some years in European capitals. But the most common form of superstition is the "evil eye." The Persian word for it is *baade khadem*, which literally means "bad step." This thing is carried to a ridiculous extent. A baby is healthy and pretty. A friend of the mother admires the little one in glowing terms. That would be *baade khadem*—of evil omen—and would be looked upon as a diabolical design to injure the child if the phrase *Ecn-shallah* (may it please God) were not added to every eulogium. An old woman looks at the child from the right-hand side—evil eye again. The father, by accident, speaks first to the baby at sunrise—evil eye. A girl, pretty, well-mannered, healthy, with a good dowry, is wedded to a man. The first business undertaking of the young Benedict turns out disastrously. Evil eye! Nothing could induce that man to keep his young wife. She is *baade khadem* to him, and she's got to go, willy nilly. As the divorce law is such that it virtually lies with the husband alone to keep or send away his wife, and as the ceremony itself is very simple and requires neither time nor money, he soon gets rid of her. Nobody blames him. "She was *baade khadem* to him," everybody says in explanation, and that's enough.

Amulets are worn by nearly everybody to avert the evil eye, and to attract good luck. These amulets are of all shapes and substances. The wealthier ladies, for instance, wear gold bracelets, neck chains, and anklets, often of very artistic workmanship, containing in a sealed-up cavity verses from the Koran, made especially powerful by the blessings of some *imam*, or pious dervish. Little mother-of-pearl tablets, of octagonal or oval shape, and often set in turquoises, are worn around the neck for the same purpose. They generally contain, in delicately engraved characters, some Arabic incantations to the higher powers to protect the wearer against the lower ones. Poor women will often content themselves with a string around their necks, to which may be tied a strong talisman in the shape of a snake's tooth, a leopard's tongue, a hyena's tuft of hair, sometimes inclosed in a small locket of brass or silver. Similar "charms" are the finger-joints of new-born babes, a drop of blood from an executed criminal, or an eye from the body of an old woman who died in childbirth. Superstitions of this peculiar kind are practically innumerable. Thus shells, parts of the hyena or hare (two animals thought to be especially *haelâl*, that is, unclean), and the fruits of the *anacardium* are worn as amulets to secure the love of a husband, win the affection of a lover, or turn in her direction the preference hitherto shown for a rival. Lard, a very rare substance in Persia, as no hogs are raised, for religious reasons, when applied unawares by a woman to any part of the body of a rival in her lord's heart, is believed to prevent child-bearing.

At the birth of an infant the father will seize his scimeter, and brandishing it in all directions, will cut the air east, west, north, and south. This, he believes, will frighten off the evil fay Aale, who is supposed to be forever on the lookout for babes to carry off to her domains. Girls, young widows, and divorced women will sit astride the whiffletree of mills and thus allow themselves to be turned twice around the pillar in the center, in the firm conviction that this procedure will soon catch a husband for them. The funniest superstition that prevails to the same end is connected with an ancient mosque in Ispahan, the minaret of which is known as the *kune birindji*, from the fact that it is made of brass. There are twelve

brass steps leading up to its entrance. Marriageable girls and widows will pray at the gate of the sanctuary for a man ; but before doing so, in order to make their prayer effective, they must crack a walnut placed on each of the dozen steps and recite after performing the feat the following verse of poetry:

*Ai minar e kun e birindji
Harfet mixanem nerandji
Harwenk e men deste mikhuahed
Merd e kamer beste mikhuahed.*

This shrine has been resorted to for many centuries, and the belief in its efficacy is still as unshaken to-day as ever.

THE LIGHTS OF ITHACA.

BY BESSIE CHANDLER.

ULYSSES, after many years of war,
And weary wandering, to his home drew near,
So near, that o'er the peaceful waves he saw
The lights of Ithaca burn bright and clear.

So near he almost listened for the sound
Of dear familiar voices. Well*he knew
He held all evil winds securely bound ;
Only a gentle west wind softly blew.

And so he slept. The tale is sad to-day,
Of how his comrades let the wild winds free
That drove the ships from home and lights away,
And when he wakened, he was far at sea.

I, weary as those men whom Homer sung,
And restless as the sea that tossed their ships ;
I, speaking ever in an unknown tongue,
Felt the cool hand of Peace upon my lips.

I saw the harbor lights shine clear and bright
Across the troubled waters of my life,
And Hope stirred all my pulses with delight.
I thought to rest, and end the long, hard strife.

It was the light in your dear eyes that seemed
To shine on me, and bid me no more roam,
But enter in your heart ; and there I dreamed
That I might come as one comes to his home.

Then, evil winds arose and blew with might ;
The salt spray passing, seemed to mock at me,
The lights grew dim, then faded from my sight,
And I was driven out again to sea.

Yet, as storm-tossed Ulysses often thought
Of how those lights from home shone once so near,
So I, who have with many troubles fought,
Think of your eyes,—are they still blue and clear?

UNCLE MASON'S MONEY.

By HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

PHILADELPHIA is very beautiful and stately, and New Orleans is a dream of romance, and New York is full of space and splendor; but whichever way you turn, you know, there's nothing like Boston. In Boston, if you are in the heart of the city, you're close to everything, it's such a cozy place; and there's always the Common: and when I was a child that seemed to me one of the open boundaries of heaven. If you're in the South End, you're in airy, open squares and handy to the Highlands. If you're in the old West End, you're in something as picturesque as a crowded foreign city, and on the narrow, crooked, high hill-streets you come upon the pleasantest surprises, looking through a gap of brick houses to another hill rising distantly across water, with spires and towers clothed in blue mist, or, turning a sudden curve, to find a lane slanting straight down to a shining piece of river; while, standing by moonlight on any of the corners where the streets run all ways at once, with strange, tall buildings seeming to rise in the middle of them, you might think you saw nothing but a scene in a theater. So, if you live on the made land, wealth and architectural wonders are about you; if you're on the edge of the Back Bay, there's an eternal picture of sun-lighted water covering one end of your drawing-room, and at night a broad sheet of purple placidity, ringed with gigantic jewels that drop long beams of light into the distant darkness; if you live on Beacon Hill, over the Common, you feel as if you were made of the dust of your ancestors and sacrosanct to begin with; if you live in East Boston, you see the great ocean ships go in and out; and if you live on the Heights of South Boston, you live where it is simply and absolutely beautiful. We lived in South Boston.

Of course, there is something unpleasant to say about all these paradisaical spots. People speak of the Irish in South Boston. I like the Irish. Trade is invading Beacon Hill; trade will never get any scrap I may own there, not if it offers the whole sub-treasury for it. Picture the outrage of

shops and drays just where you look down on the top of a whole forest in the middle of a city! The Common would go next! The made land then, they say, is going to be full of fevers by and by. Well, who goes by the lanes of by and by, you know, arrives at the house of never. And so of all the rest; each region has its drawbacks, except for those who occupy it, and they never see how anything could be improved.

I never did either. I was perfectly satisfied with our house on the hill, with its green-sward and lime-trees, twenty minutes from theaters, and concerts, and shops and picture-galleries. But I have to declare that Juliet hated it, and Virginia despised it, and Nina was ashamed of it.

"It's vexatious enough to make you cry, to hear Mrs. Oxon apologize for not calling, because it's so jarring to get over here, and one has to drive through such disagreeable places," Nina would say.

"I hope she'll never have to drive through worse," I answered. "It's a ridiculous affectation. I dare say her father drove a grocer's cart through country mud!"

"It's no good being spiteful, Cathy."

"Cathy spiteful!" cries Nina.

"It doesn't make the place a bit more desirable," said Virginia.

"I don't want it to be more desirable! Let it get more desirable and people will be offering such prices for lots that we shall feel obliged to take their offers and move somewhere where we can't see the bays, and islands, and light-houses out of every window in the house."

"As if bays and light-houses made up for a want of social position," said Virginia, winding a long black tress over her hand. We were all in my room a moment before we went to bed. I was the housekeeper of the four.

"Yes, I know, Virginia," I said, "every one knows, you're made for society, with your looks, and your gayety, and all. But certainly social position isn't worth having if it just depends not on who and what you are, but on where you live——"

"Doxology," said Nina.

"You are getting to be a perfect radical, Cathy. And it is such—such bad form to have pronounced ideas," said Juliet.

"Off color," said Nina.

"I should have called that an aristocratic idea, now."

"Cathy with aristocratic ideas! If your tastes weren't so incurably common, Cathy, you'd appreciate the way in which the very shop girls show this want of consideration when you tell them where to send your parcels."

"I must say I don't see," said Juliet, with a yawn, "why grandpapa ever bought his house out here."

"Well, old Boston was full, and people hadn't taken the making of land out of the Lord's hands, and one must go somewhere, and this was an enchanting spot, and everybody thought it was to be just the Court End. And he supposed he was playing the part of a fairy godfather to his family to build out here for one of them," said I. "Just think of such gardens as ours within the limits of a great city! I don't see why it turned out differently."

"Iron works," said Juliet.

"Irish," said Nina.

"We're Irish ourselves," I said.

"Grandpapa didn't know we were going to be," said Virginia.

"And I don't see the objection to the Irish—except in the kitchen," added Juliet.

"I hate the Irish!" cried Nina, desperately. "At least—that is to say—I'd die for them in the abstract."

We have to have colored help in the kitchen.

"Well, by and by the people may tire of their low, flat, monotonous streets, and there'll be another bridge, skipping all the unhandsome part, and palaces will be rising on these heights," I went on after the interlude.

"There'd be some sense in that," said Nina.

"Why, just look at it!" I exclaimed. "Such a drainage as this isn't to be had this side of the rock of St. Helena! And then the old trees, the open parks, the sea-prospects! Sometimes here at night when I look over and divine the town suffused in a glowing vapor, half light, half dimness, and the vague water here, there, and every-

where, I don't believe there's anything finer to be seen from Browning's Venetian palace."

"Hear her!" said Nina. "I should think she wanted to sell the place at auction."

"Talk of Venetian palaces!" said Juliet. "The Back Bay houses are Venice enough for me. They are the most poetical dwellings. Oh, why was grandpapa such a simpleton!"

"I don't think it's right, you know, to talk so about grandpapa," I said. "When we want to call our relatives names, we've always Uncle Mason. We can call him anything we please, as long as we never go near him."

"I know it," said Virginia. "That vexes me the most, to think of our own uncle living in one of those identical houses we covet so, furnished like—Stafford House, for all we know, and we not even having the *entrée* of it. The crusty curmudgeon!"

"Papa shouldn't have quarreled with them, then."

"Papa didn't. They quarreled. And we'll quarrel, too, Cathy, if you go to defending Uncle Mason, a man with a family of interesting nieces, and never asking them inside his doors. What a mop of hair you have, Cathy! I believe you can stand on it, can't you?"

"He loses the most. Doesn't he now? And we get along without him. Oh, you haven't hurt my feelings that you need to get into my hair! As for grandpapa, we owe to him, at any rate, the house we live in, and what money we have to live with. I wonder he gave papa anything at all when he was so very angry with him."

"I wonder papa took it!" cried Juliet.

"And if Uncle Mason should give us a fortune a-piece to-morrow," I said, "I don't believe we'd be any happier."

"I should be," said Nina. "I'd have a Beacon Street, or a Commonwealth Avenue, North Side, house."

"Why North Side?"

"Do you suppose I long for the South End?"

"You ridiculous child!"

"Either there," said Virginia, "or in Cambridge under the shadow of the University."

"And a carriage and pair before dark to-morrow night!" concluded Nina.

"You couldn't do business so quickly as

that," I said. "And as for me, I'd rather live here than in either of those places, any day."

"You're a natural born plebeian, Cathy."

"Now I think the other thing plebeian. I don't say but I'd like the horses, though. But there, I'm afraid we're really to blame, sighing for better when we have so lovely a home already, and see poor little Ailie Boyle so unhappy because she can't have the ghost of one."

"Really, Cathy, you're too absurd," exclaimed Virginia. "I should think it was our fault that Ailie Boyle had been so silly as to engage herself to marry a person without a penny. I'm not sure that it wasn't more than silly, wasn't positively wicked, when you remember that it's only going to be the means of others pinching and paring and working for their living by and by."

"Nobody would marry, according to that gospel. I don't suppose you know you're a Malthusian," said I, laughing.

"I don't know what a Malthusian is—a monk of some sort? Makes that delicious cordial?"

"Oh, you ought to live under the shadow of the University, you know so much!" I said.

"I know Chartreuse when I get a sip of it at the Parker House. And I'd be content to live where I could just see the towers of the University over the waters from my back drawing-room window."

"We're all singing the same song. Isn't it rather ignoble? Ailie'd be content to live where she could just see the towers of Boston from her upper story window."

"Oh, she'd be content to live anywhere where she could see John. She's fearfully and awfully in love," said Nina. "They've been engaged ever since they were born."

"I can't imagine it," said Juliet loftily.

"It does seem a shame she can't have it when she's content with a little house down here on Oceanic Street," said Virginia.

"Content? blissful! ecstatic! And John is such a good fellow, too, and he is so fond of her!"

"Well, it passes me!" exclaimed Nina. "I couldn't be in love with a man, and honor and reverence him, and all that, if he wasn't able to take care of me."

"He was able before he lost his place.

They were only waiting, you know, to lay by enough to furnish their house. And now—oh, it was a cruel disappointment! It puts things off for them—forever—perhaps. I do wish we could help them," I cried.

"Well, we can't," said Nina decisively. "And when we can't, I wish we had never heard or known of them."

"Why, Nina, I thought you loved Ailie Boyle!"

"So I do, of course. But I don't love her troubles. And I don't want to be pestered with them. At least, not all the time. I don't suppose it makes any odds, though,—if it isn't hers, it's another's. You're always finding a fresh case of destitution to harrow every cent out of our pockets."

"Yours is the worst case of destitution I ever had," I said gayly. "Destitute of a Back Bay house and its social consideration. Why, you might live on the Back Bay a hundred years and not get into society!"

"We should live, then, to a good old age. And we should have our own blessed consciousness. And I don't much imagine girls with Virginia's figure and my complexion would be totally obscured anywhere. And you're a little wild-rose yourself, Cathy. As for the Back Bay house, I suppose I always shall be destitute of it. It's not for me. I never do fix my eye on anything that isn't out of sight!"

And then Nina skipped upstairs, and Virginia folded her wrapper about her and walked off like a young duchess, if young duchesses walk better than other people; there couldn't one of them be more beautiful than our Virginia was, with that skin like a flower-petal, those black-fringed, sea-blue eyes, and that long night-black hair of hers. Our mother was an Irish girl of Connemara. And that's how Virginia came by her beauty; and that's why Uncle Mason and the rest quarreled with papa. The other girls got the best of that affair; they used to say they left the peasant part to me, my tastes were so simple. "You'd be perfectly satisfied with the original old family hut by the Connaught sea-coast," they used to say.

"It's a good plan to be satisfied where you are," I used to answer them. "But I've no doubt our great-grandmother was happier with the kelp and the cow, the pig and the potatoes than we are with what we have."

"You know better, Cathy! You know

the family were comfortably off over there," the girls would cry.

"Then why didn't they stay over there? I know our great-grandmother would have thought herself in the queen's audience-chamber if she had come into our drawing-room."

It was a pretty drawing-room, in spite of Juliet's curling lip, at that. The wide doorways with their open portières gave it the added space of the hall, and a mirror set in the wall, without a frame, doubled that and filled it with a feeling of sun-lighted distances; the colors were mingling shades of the dull fawns, with here and there a gleam of reddening gold, which suggested woods and meadows in October weather. We had some rare prints and books; and Juliet copied very well in water-colors and painted on china, so that there was just enough of that bright, gay sort of thing; and when you looked through the window into blue sky, the curtains seemed to let you out of autumn forest into open field; and there was a bit of Parian here, and a bit of bronze yonder, and Virginia's piano, and my harp. The girls hated that harp—the harp of Innisfail they called it. But for all that, I could make them every one cry when I rang out a strain of "Tara's Hall" on it. A great gilded harp is something fine in a room—sunshine and song together—a sort of live spirit of music there; the strings are always murmuring. I often feel as if mine were like the one in the girl's room of "In a Gondola;" and when I sit in the moonlight, that I might hear it singing to itself, if I only had the hearing of Fine Ears. I enjoyed my mornings so with Ailie Boyle, for after our hour's study she made the piano sing, and when we played "The Ride of the Valkyries," I felt as if I were nothing less than a Norn.

"I suppose I shall now go on giving music-lessons till it makes an idiot of me," Ailie had said one day. "I don't know anything so likely to soften one's brain."

"You mustn't give way an atom," I said. "You mustn't for John's sake."

"Poor John!" she said. "He takes it all so hard. No; what I feel about John is so stinging, it will keep my brain alive."

"It's a wicked shame!" I begun.

"Oh, no; you mustn't say so," she interrupted. "It must be for the best, of

course; only I don't see how, with me growing old and thin and fady, and poor John wearing his life away. And if he had kept the place, we were to buy the house with the rent, you know, and a little more by installments every month; and we were only waiting for the furniture. And John was so honest and faithful, it seems dishonorable in the firm to have dismissed him just to put in a nephew of Mr. Peters. I can't go up Oceanic Street by that house we were to have at all, it hurts me so," she cried, with a trembling voice. "I see myself gray and anxious, years and years ahead, and John worn out, too, and his love gone with just weariness. Ah, I know it never will be gone! But I can't help the imagining of it! And we've had the money for the furniture twice, and had to use it; once he made me take it for mamma's illness when she died, and once he let his cousin have it just before he failed."

"What a shame!"

"Oh, you can't look anywhere in our connection, Cathy, or in John's either, that there isn't trouble about money, and so there's nobody to help us; and I wouldn't mind it if it wasn't for John!"

Of course she wouldn't if it wasn't for John!

"And he's heard of such a splendid chance lately, just slipping through his fingers; that is, it would have been slipping through his fingers, as Nina would say, if he had had any way of getting his fingers round it. But Mr. Peters took his money out of the Devonshire Street firm, in spite of their giving John's place to his nephew; and now if John only had ten thousand dollars, he could make his fortune by going in as partner. But one might as well cry for the moon. And it's laughable to speak of it, when a man's looking round for a one-thousand dollar place any way."

"Oh, Ailie, I wish I had it for you! I wish our little property wasn't all tied up in the trustee's hands! You should have my share to-day!"

"I shouldn't take it. And I shouldn't tell you a word about it," sobbed Ailie, "if I didn't know you couldn't help us!"

And when she broke down, I could only break down too, and so we cried together.

"Oh, you do help me, Cathy," she said, "and so do the dear girls. I don't know

what I should do if I didn't have all of you to fly to. John says you're just like the women in the House Beautiful!"

And then we dived into the "Sonata Appassionata" for consolation, and forgot ourselves.

"The idea of our being like the women in 'the House Beautiful!'" said Nina, when I told the girls. "Such great selfish things as we are!"

"But we sympathize," I said. "And that's a great deal, you know."

"Lots!"

"It makes me feel guilty and ashamed. I was ashamed before though. I was wondering, as I came up West Street after the Symphony to-day, what in the world I was alive for, doing no good to any one."

"Oh, Juliet," I exclaimed, my eyes overflowing. "No good to any one! What should I do without you?"

"I suppose we are some good to each other," she admitted.

"And that's a great deal," I said, as well as I could. "And the matters—we—don't—agree about—only keep things lively."

"Dear me," said Virginia. "How very lively then they ought to be!"

"Oh, we do agree about ever so many," I argued. "And we certainly agree in wanting to help Ailie."

"But I don't see how we can. She would hardly like us to get up a subscription for her."

"Well," I said presently, "we can do something to make the winter lively. We can have some evenings,—just evenings, you know,—and tell our friends about them."

"Tell our friends?"

"Yes. We can have music—Ailie's piano and my harp. John will enjoy that. And then Virginia sees visions in Browning; she could read—fancy! Browning readings! And there's Juliet's drawings to be looked at, and Nina's songs to hear,—you know you sing those Irish songs, Nina, enough to break the heart in your body."

"Oh, thanks awfully," cried Nina, making a perfect cheese of a courtesy.

"And then we could have scenes of plays, couldn't we now? And tableaux from novels: Beatrix Esmond coming down the stairs with the light in her hand, for instance. Yes, we could have such evenings

that everybody would come to them, if they only knew about them. And—and—Juliet—we might charge for the course, and then—give Ailie the money for her birthday and wedding-day."

"I thought so," said Juliet, leaning back and laughing. "Oh, Cathy, you are really hopeless!"

"Well," said Nina, "it would be a mighty nice birthday present for Ailie, enough to make her wish to be born again. And I do wish we could give her one as good. But I don't think we'll make a show of ourselves for her benefit just yet. By the way, speaking of shows, there was something going on at Uncle Mason's to-day."

"I don't care if there was," said Juliet, leaning back, with her bare arms above her head. I don't know why it is that Juliet, with her great black eyes, puts me so in mind of a Cape Jessamine, the lovely creamy color of it, the delightful irregularity, the delicious perfume like a soul.

"How do you know?" demanded Virginia.

"You don't mean to say, Nina," said I, "that you condescend to walk by Uncle Mason's house?"

"Of course I did. I often do. Why in the world shouldn't I? As if I were going to be cut off from the very handsomest part of Boston! If we had our rights, we should be going up and down the steps. He wasn't the eldest son."

"But what was there going on?" asked Virginia.

"There you have me. I don't know. The blinds were all closed. So I suppose that whatever it was was by gas-light. And there was a coach waiting, and a cab, and a florist's wagon out of which a man was taking boxes—of flowers, probably. I suppose it was some sort of an exclusive affair; he can't have receptions and things of that sort with no ladies in the house. That's where he loses a great deal of enjoyment. What a pity he has no nieces!"

"Oh, he gives *grandiose* dinners. One of those probably," said Juliet. "We're not invited. Entertaining some great personage or other."

"Some great personage, indeed," said I, struck with a sudden thought like a pang. "Girls! I shouldn't be surprised if we heard that Uncle Mason was dead."

They all turned, and looked at me a moment. Of course we none of us loved Uncle Mason; we had no reason to love him. He had never spoken to us in our lives; I don't think any one of us had ever seen him except Nina; and she knew him by sight, though not by name, as she once told Ailie Boyle; and she maintained that she meant just what she said, for she shouldn't think of addressing him by name.

"It's shocking," said Nina now, "to have death come into the family. And in the middle of the season, too. But I shall go out just the same. So there!"

"Uncle Mason is not in our family," said Juliet. "And whether he lives or whether he dies, I don't know that it signifies anything to us."

But it did signify something to us. Uncle Mason was dead indeed. He had died suddenly, sitting in his chair, just as our father did. And he had left no will. No one notified us; and we were not sent for to attend the final ceremonies. He had not been sent for to attend our father's. Consequently we knew nothing about it.

"The most annoying thing happened to me, girls," said I, one evening shortly after our talk about Ailie. "You know this afternoon the sidewalks were so slippery? Well; going up Tremont Street from Cornhill I came near falling, and in trying to save myself I turned my ankle, and I thought I should faint away."

"You poor little thing!"

"Oh, yes; it's lame still; a little; quite lame; not enough to limp, you know."

"It's dreadful," cried Nina. "I hope it isn't a real sprain; that is such a nuisance. A sprained ankle is a thorn in your side."

"And as I was going to say, a gentleman saw me and called a coach."

"Oh, an adventure!" cried Nina.

"Nonsense! Nothing so underbred. I'm ashamed of you, Nina."

"One or the other of you is always being ashamed of me!"

"Then do be sensible. Well; there was a perfect jam of street-cars and carriages, blocked for a quarter of a mile, I should think, in all directions. And if you'll believe it, my coach was caught in it just as a funeral was coming from King's Chapel. I didn't notice it at first, my ankle ached so, and then I saw there was no help for it, and so

there I had to go following next the hearse, as if I were chief mourner, for more than half a mile before I could get away. I never was so frightened, it was such a bad omen; I hope none of you have a sore throat or anything!"

"What time was it?" asked Juliet, looking up from the *Transcript*.

"You were the chief mourner," said Juliet. "I declare there's a fate in it. You're the eldest of us. And that must have been—it couldn't help being—Uncle Mason's funeral."

"Uncle Mason's funeral!" we all exclaimed.

"Yes. Here's his death in the *Transcript*. And in another place it says he was to be buried from King's Chapel at half-past two."

"Of all the strange, uncanny, awful, creepy things!" cried Nina.

And then we were quiet for ever so long. Uncle Mason, after all, was our own flesh and blood. Perhaps we were sorry that we weren't sorry.

"Well," I said at last, "I'm glad it was my coach then. And I'm glad I cried. I always do cry at weddings and funerals, they're both of them so solemn; both of them the end of an old life, you know."

"I suppose you're the only person in the world then that shed a tear for old Uncle Mason," said Virginia.

"I've been trying to, all this time," said Nina. "But he never cleared out that spring. I wonder what he's done with his money."

"Left it to Harvard University, most likely," said Juliet. "What will Harvard do with the beautiful Beacon Street house?"

"Move into it," said Nina. "Oh, girls, if he had had only one drop of blood in his heart, he'd have left that house to us!"

But Uncle Mason had done nothing of the sort. And yet that house was ours. The next morning we were waited on by a gentleman, in spotless attire, and eye-glasses, who looked something like one's idea of a prince, and something like a prize-fighter, and who combined with the manners of the days of chivalry, as you may say, an appearance of loathing the air you breathed. And he was Uncle Mason's attorney. He might have been as old as Boston, and he might have been a comparative youth, only his bright brown hair had a great wave in it and

was parted in the middle. And it seems there were unfinished drafts of several wills of Uncle Mason's, in none of which were we mentioned. But not one of them was signed. And so the whole property devolved on us. It made me turn white.

"I'm sure I never knew you cared so much for money, Cathy," said Nina.

"It isn't that; it's—it's the responsibility," I stammered.

"Oh! I'll take the responsibility!" said Nina.

"I don't quite feel as if we ought to take the money," said I, faintly.

"If that isn't exactly like you, Cathy."

"It was Uncle Mason's, and he didn't mean us to have it."

"I think we'd better quiet this scruple once for all, Cathy," said Juliet, majestically. "What made it Uncle Mason's money? The law. What makes it ours? The law. And that's all there is about it."

"You can't go behind the law!" cried Nina.

"A very lucid statement," said the man of business.

What a morning we had of it! For we all went over with the attorney to receive Uncle Mason's house.

"He totally disapproves of what the law has done with Uncle Mason's money," whispered Nina, as we closed the door.

We went in the street-car; and Nina was hardly able to conduct herself with propriety; she wasn't able at all, in fact; her joy bubbled over so.

"Put this thick veil over your face this moment, Nina," whispered Juliet, as the car came along. "You would be like a grinning mask at a tragedy, if any one should see you."

"It's no tragedy to me," said Nina.

"It would be a tragedy," said Virginia, over her shoulder, as we took our seats, "if the people you think so well of saw you dancing on your uncle's grave, for that's what it amounts to."

"Just hear her," said Nina.

But Nina couldn't compose herself that morning.

"If all these people in the car knew that we four dear girls and the fine gentleman—our solicitor? Ahem! he doesn't in the least resemble Mr. Tulkinghorn. Where did you ever see him before, Cathy? Dear me! That

underbred adventure! I knew it! He called the carriage for you, didn't he, now? What a narrow world it is. If these people, I say, knew we were on our way to take possession of a palace and a million of money or so, what do you suppose they'd say?" she whispered to me, who had become all colors at once.

"They'd say we'd better have taken a coach."

"Oh! But, Cathy, isn't it romantic? The whole thing, and your solicitor into the bargain?"

"Oh, Nina, dear, don't," I murmured. And with an unfortunate effort to quiet her, I added, "Perhaps some of these people are going on errands quite as interesting."

"Very likely," she replied. "That girl with the strap over her shoulder takes an East Boston car at Scollay Square; she's off in the 'Cephalonia' this noon for Europe. See her flowers. I shall follow you soon, my love; I'm going to see the Connemara Castle—by the—hm—hm—or die," she hummed, half under her breath.

"Nina!"

"Yes. There's a young woman now going to buy her wedding-things: she keeps making sure she hasn't lost her purse; how demure she is, the pretty mouse!"

"There, there, Nina!"

"Oh, but wait till I tell you! That man in the corner, he murdered his wife last week and had her embalmed at once, so that no one could discover his particular arsenic."

"Hush, hush, now, Nina dear!"

"There are four corners. Oh, you see how promiscuous this riding in the street-car is, meeting everybody. It's the last time! There's the advantage of your own carriage, as you've often heard me say. Well, the wife's fate doesn't deter that frizzly girl opposite. She's just engaged. She can't believe her stars; no more can I. The other one—she hasn't a new lover, or a new estate, and everything is a dead level of tiresomeness."

"Now you keep still long enough to count sixty," I said, for I fancied our companion looked at us curiously, and I was sure Virginia was mortified.

"I've counted. And I made up my mind while counting that that little pale fellow is the one who plunged into the burning house last week to bring out an old woman, and saved his soul alive."

"He'll hear you."

"And that dowdy creature in the poke-bonnet, too, she is a regular sister of mercy, a saint in alpaca."

"Do keep still, dear."

"I'm doing this to keep still."

"Nina! Stop! I shall think the news has gone to your head."

"Where else should it go? To my heels? You'd make a pretty fuss if I went dancing over to town. You heard what Virginia said about that. Heigho! Perhaps it's all a dream. We're only going to buy ribbons. We haven't any fortune; or any house on Beacon Street; and this solicitor's very name isn't reverend with Boston hoari-ness."

We might as well have tried to stop an electric current; and I was as glad as Nina when we mounted the steps at last. The door was opened to us by a solemn butler, and a Gothic sort of housekeeper in black received us just beyond the vestibule. Perhaps Uncle Mason's death meant to them just the opposite of what it meant to us.

"I wonder if they loved him," murmured Nina. "How could they! If it's only their places, why, we'll keep them on, of course, poor things!"

But Virginia's glance made me imagine she knew what I was thinking.

How ample, how superb, how richly dusky, was that immense hall.

"The vasty halls of death!" whispered Nina. "And what a place for a galop!"

It was paneled with old mahogany full of wine-stains where the light slurred across it, the massive staircase dark at its remoter depth; busts and statues of the Mason men were between the pillars, and portraits of the women between the panels; there was a broad, glowing fire-place; and on one side the door a waiting-room, all but finished in curious old, pallid china—"We shall have to live up to this china," whispered Nina again,—"and on the other side was a marble inclosure where a fountain trickled and the walls were lined with ferns. There was a nodding palm tree at the door there, too, and a huge lemon tree that shed abroad a pungent fragrance. Such rugs as there were on that polished floor! Indian princes had stepped on them. You pushed back a heavy piece of Gobelins under the archway into the dining-room. And what space, what dull

splendor, what luxury there, what sense of royal banquets, what glitter of hammered silver, with here and there a salver or an urn of gold, what delicacy of Venetian glass, what Dresden-like petrified flowers, all with a pleasant tarnish of use, an air of custom on it! On the walls, there, still more family faces to make us welcome; one, such a lovely lady, so mild, so gracious.

"I think it must be our grandmother," I ventured to say. And then Nina made me burn with shame, as if they could read my thoughts, by calling out, "Oh, she's your living image, Cathy!" And the lawyer gave the picture another long survey.

"But, as a rule," said Virginia aloud, and with quite the Mason grand air already, "the ancestresses do not waste much sweetness. Our bloom comes from Connemara, girls."

If our uncle's attorney winced, I suppose she meant he should.

We were through at length. We had paused, enchanted, in the vast drawing-room, with its lovely sumptuous satins, its fairy flowery tints, its gleaming ivories, and gold bronzes, and Sèvres vases higher than our heads; in the sunny morning-room all tapestried in faded peacock blues and silver, in the wide and lofty sleeping-rooms, with their canopied and alcoved beds and their exquisite boudoirs, where Nina instantly selected the one she liked the best.

"No ghosts will trouble me, except the ghost of my little room at home," said she, "where I wonder how I ever did exist!"

We paused, too, for a second glance at a room that took my fancy more than the others did, a smaller drawing-room. I found afterward that it had been my grandmother's favorite receiving-room, over whose velvety white Aubusson carpet the yellow satin curtains at the one wide window threw a light like pale sunshine; the pieces of furniture, even the pictures on the walls, and the great group of statuary, were draped in sheets; but as I disturbed the drapery of one console in passing, I saw that it was made of strangely wrought and fashioned silver, and from one picture the sheet had fallen aside and the canvas sent back all the light, a picture of nymphs, with scarlet poppies in their hair, dancing under the shadow of a black Italian wood through whose interstices gleamed a red bar of sun-

set, and all the foreground was the clear, yellow light just before twilight, and all its story was the everlastingness of joy. I didn't know I saw it, though, till we were at home; a Corot it was, hung long since my father's mother's day. On the white sofas some yellow pears had been tumbled to ripen, and there was the odor of fruit in the room, a sort of atmosphere of sweet decay; it seemed to be the proper atmosphere in that lovely old receiving-room of the dead Mason women. We sat down, tired out, in the long, dark library lined with books, its blue gloom threaded by one broad sunbeam, and where the man of business awaited us.

"I see that the place pleases you," he said, after we were seated. "It should do so. It is a palace. Art can hardly do more in a private house."

"It is very beautiful," I said; "so beautiful it is almost appalling to us."

He bowed, as if he could not have gone on without some such acknowledgment.

"There is nothing superior to it in this country," he said, while we tasted the wine and crumbled the cracknels that had been served to us there.

"But now," he said, after having gathered his own resources, "I must make you a brief statement, I think, concerning the condition of the estate. Although it is so large," he said, turning to me, "yet, I regret to say, there is no ready money—"

"Here's a pretty how-d'you-do!" exclaimed Nina.

"Only the day before my client's death," he went on, "an investment was made by him, the chance too good to be lost, in view of its immense results in the future—poor gentleman!—using his available funds, and hypothecating the next half year's dividends. And thus, while all the great property is yours unreservedly, there are but a few hundred dollars, possibly eleven or twelve hundred, at command for the present; and save some slight rents coming in, there will be no ready money for you, as I said, till the end of the next year, unless something is sacrificed, which is rather to be avoided."

"Oh!" groaned Nina.

"Except for the consideration, the—the credit, accorded the wealthy by their tradespeople, my client, himself, would have been hampered this year, I fear."

"Uncle Mason hampered!" said Nina. "How agreeable!"

"In this situation, it is but right that I should say to you," he resumed, taking no notice of her outbreaks, "that so soon as the intelligence of the decease of my late friend, your uncle, became known, I received an offer for the house at private sale."

"Never!" exclaimed Nina.

"And if that might not be," he went on, "then for its lease by a wealthy person, a distiller or brewer of some sort, I think, who has made his fortune and wants to come to Boston to learn how to spend it," he said with a slow smile. "And he would like such a house as this till he decides where to build or buy."

Nina shuddered, and looked at us, quite pale and still.

"A rum-seller!" she whispered, though. "In the halls of our ancestors!"

"Power comes from money, not from family now you see," said Virginia, the scorn on her beautiful lip making her little white teeth visible. "These people who pander to low appetites gather the money. England has no honors for her men of genius, her soldiers, and statesmen, and scholars, superior to those she gives the men who make her beer!"

"I hate the English!" cried Nina.

"What does this person offer," I asked, "for a year's lease?"

"I suppose," said the lawyer, pulling his yellow beard, "that he would pay for the house as it stands, china, plate, glass, linen, all, coming in this week—he is at the Brunswick now—some ten thousand dollars. All in all, there is nothing so desirable; and the chance is unique. The situation, too, you see is rare."

"Yes," said Nina, "it stands for an ancestor in every brick."

"Will he—pay—in advance?" I exclaimed, catching my breath.

"Well—ah—possibly."

"That, or not at all," said I.

Then, in the silence, I stole a glance at Virginia. Her face reassured me.

"I think we had better let him have it," I said. "The place is very strange to us. It is, indeed, a little hostile. We are unaccustomed to the life that should be lived in it. Possibly we should even be unhappy here after the novelty wore off. We have

had no kindness from our Mason people; we have no love for them. They let our father fret his heart out. So far as I am concerned, the house might be sold and the portraits and busts go to the Athenæum, or the Public Library, or Faneuil Hall, or anybody of the name that wished for them. But I suppose that would hardly do."

"Hardly," said the lawyer, who plainly regarded us as he would women of some strange country. "Have you no regard," he said, as if with some curiosity, reproachfully, yet deferentially, for we were Masons, after all, you see, "for the Mason race and name?"

"None. When our mother's people were kings, kings of song and story, the Masons were clods of the soil, and swine-herds. The Mason house does not suit us."

"But Cathy!" cried Nina, breathlessly. "Cathy! When we have wanted it all our lives!"

"No, Nina, darling, we never dreamed of it."

"We wouldn't have known how," said Virginia, "never having seen anything of the sort."

"It is fit for princesses here," said Juliet, "and Cathy would worry her life away taking care of it."

"There's the housekeeper to do that!" exclaimed Nina.

"But you know what Cathy is!"

"Do you mean, have you the least real intention—" began Nina.

"We mean that it would be very unwise in us to come over here without ready money and begin our life with debt," said I. "Our own income would not run the establishment a month."

"Odd, isn't it?" said Juliet. "We are comfortably off at home. We were quite well-to-do last night. We have just had a million or two dollars left us, and we are really poor."

"We have enough to live on at home," I said. "And if you'll only think, Nina, the rent of this house, for which we have no tender feeling at all, would give us this very year the money we are always wishing for to do our good works. It seems to me it would be wrong, really wrong for us—four girls—to pay ten thousand dollars just for a whim of living in one place rather than another."

"Oh, Cathy!" cried Nina, the tears

spurting. "I know just what you're driving at! It's that Ailie Boyle! I know it is!"

"Well, the ten thousand dollars, Nina, will let John go in as partner in that firm. And the eleven or twelve hundred will buy their furniture and pay their first quarter's rent. That is to say, this money will start a family in life. If it wouldn't buy all their furniture," I added, a little more hesitatingly, "we might run a little bit in debt for that. And this gentleman who, I hope, will be so kind as always to help us to take care of the property," glancing up, but my eyes falling beneath his steady gaze, "as he helped our uncle, will perhaps arrange all that."

Nina's head went down on the table, and her tears splashed, utterly regardless of that superb green velvet and its embroidery of gold bullion. "I might have known—I ought to have known—it would come to that!" she cried. "Ailie Boyle is the bane of my existence! That she is!"

"But Nina, Nina dear, if you really feel so," I said, starting up to go to her, but sitting down again, "if you're sure you are quite in earnest, if you're sure you won't regret it, oh, of course, we won't do anything so hard for you, if you insist—"

"Why can't we sell something?" sobbed Nina, looking up, and twisting her handkerchief defiantly in the face of Uncle Mason's portrait in the mantel.

"The market is poor," said the lawyer. "Nothing could be sold now, except at a sacrifice."

"Perhaps, too, it wouldn't be right," I said, "to sacrifice Uncle Mason's property."

"It isn't Uncle Mason's. It's ours."

"You know what I mean. It seems to have come to us in such a way that we are stewards of it, and if we do keep it that we must keep it and surrender it at last intact."

"You always are so notional! I'm tired to death of your whimsies and dreams, Cathy. You are always looking after other people instead of your own family. Charity begins at home. You'd have cot-beds made in the parlor, if you had your way, Cathy, for all the lame and lazy in South Boston."

"You just said charity began at home," I laughed. "But now I will leave all this to you, to you and Juliet. For I think Virginia and I are of one mind."

But Virginia colored with some quicker heart-beats at those final words.

"I can settle my share of it in two minutes," said Juliet. "The magnificent place, with all these stately women on the walls, isn't agreeable to me. I had rather have magnificence somewhere else. It makes me think of their splendor and ease when our mother had neither. When I remember how our mother was treated by these dead Mason women, I don't see how her daughters can live among them."

"Turn them to the wall! Turn them to the wall!" almost shouted Nina, in a half-hysterical. "If that isn't stretching silk to a cobweb! You *can* split a hair, Juliet!" she exclaimed as soon as she had her voice in control again. "And I'm to go without this lovely house and all that I've wanted, just so that Ailie Boyle can have a house and all that she wants!" And here a new thought struck her. "And get John away from those relatives of his that have his life-blood," she added with a sudden dropping of her voice, and with her usual utterly inconsistent mental action, which, if it was a charm, yet kept her from being very much in earnest about anything.

"Not unless you say so."

"Oh, of course I say so. What else can I say? I've got to say so when you all say so!" answered Nina, opening wide her great blue swimming eyes and shaking down the tears that spun from her lashes. "But if ever was known a little grasping, covetous thing, it's that Ailie Boyle!"

"Nina!"

"Won't she be amazed with her luck, though!" broke out Nina, freshly, after two or three moments' rest, and already swung over to the other side. "It will be as good as a play, when we take her down—it's number three, isn't it?—and show her. Now I'm going to have *something* my way! The dear little thing, she'll be so happy, she'll cry. Queer way to be happy, isn't it? I am. Oh, I can see her go singing about her house. I declare, I'm impatient already!"

"Well, Nina, I am ashamed of you," cried Juliet, with this change of front.

"Oh, of course. 'Twouldn't be natural if you weren't. 'Unstable as water, thou shalt not excel.' I know all about it! But do you know, now, it's only a week to Ailie's birthday, and there'll be so much to

do that we're just wasting time here? What a surprise for dear little Ailie Boyle! No cards—no time! Friends kindly requested not to send——"

"Nina!"

"I'll see to her trousseau," went on Nina, now quite carried away. "She shall have one pale blue satin and brocade, with the front breadth wrought in pearls. What under the sun would she want of that dress in Oceanic Street? She shall have it then just because she *doesn't* want it! As long as we're in for it, I mean to have the thing perfectly gorgeous. I mean to run in debt!"

"Then, perhaps, we'd better go," said I, rising again. "And really, girls, Nina is more than half right. Oh, just think how many other people we can make happy!"

"I shall particularly look out for girls of our age who don't have all they want," said Nina.

"Well, if we enlarge our house, and keep a carriage——" began Juliet.

"Why, we have a carriage! We've a carriage now! We've Uncle Mason's carriage!" cried Nina, excitedly. "Certainly we're not going to leave Uncle Mason's carriage, too, to the liquor-man?"

"I mean," said Juliet, disregarding her, "that, with the proper conditions for it, we can have society in one place as well as another. When we have people who kindle your wit, and warm your fancy, people in the swim of the world's affairs——"

"That's just why we want to stay here, then!" cried Nina, eagerly, forgetting her other plans in a moment. "That's why we want to stay here where such people live!"

"As if such people were tethered to an imaginary line in a brick wall! Can't we have mornings in our house, with readers and singers and talkers, that nice people will be glad to come to?"

"Shall you ask me?" said our uncle's attorney, suddenly, returning from the window, where he had occupied himself a part of the time, while we were pulling on our gloves and talking, not really quite remembering him.

"Why, of course," said Nina. "You will be one of us! You will have to be a part of us, I suppose, if you are to take care of our affairs."

I didn't know how he might fancy that; but she shed over him such a smile as puts

you in mind of the sun breaking out of clouds in April, full of warmth and flower-scents and brightness and hope.

"Oh, you mustn't think we're all simpletons and termagants because I am!" she said. "But somehow," she added, turning to me, "I regret the house. I don't regret the ancestors. Perhaps it does me good to snub Uncle Mason's household gods a little—what did those people ever do but have money and behave themselves?"

"That is a good deal," I said.

"Yes," with a long look about her, "I regret the house. I should so like to pay Mrs. Oxon back in kind. And it seems such a waste of the raw material, too, when we have the thing in the hollow of our hand, deliberately to refuse a place in the Boston aristocracy."

"I'm ashamed of you, Nina!" cried Virginia.

"There it is again, like the carillon on the alarm clock!"

"I despise the word 'aristocracy'!" said Virginia.

"You don't despise the thing," said Nina.

"And I can't imagine being so snobbish as to limit that sort of thing—if you mean by it grace, elegance, and intellectual life—by the price of a foot of land; land, too, that was mud yesterday."

"So were we," said Nina, incorrigibly. "And shall be dust to-morrow."

"To say," cried Juliet, now, "that one can't have social consideration because one lives—on High Street, for example—why, it's vulgarity itself!" And she flashed a glance at the lawyer, who looked aghast, as if he thought her actually profane. "For my part," she added, "I should feel buried alive in those flat prairie streets, redeemed from a swamp!"

"But you needn't be so cross about it," said Nina. "You know you're not making any sacrifice. I'm the only one making any sacrifice!"

"I will confess, though," said Juliet, "that the Charles River, from the Back Bay windows—. But I'd as soon live at the North End as in Commonwealth Avenue after the freedom of our heights and sea!"

"Hear! hear!" said the gentleman, softly.

"Oh, oh!" cried Nina. "Almost thou dost persuade me that Ailie Boyle's house,

with Dorchester Bay out of the windows, is lovelier than anything in Venice."

I felt a little uncomfortable while they were running on so; for I had small doubt that our lawyer himself lived in one of those fair, flat streets, Commonwealth Avenue as likely as another.

"I suppose," I said, to divert them, "that the person who takes the house will take the servants, too?"

"Oh, never mind them!" cried Nina, forgetting her first pity for them. "Let the dead bury the dead! We've worlds to do."

"We might like the coachman ourselves."

"Why, he'd never come, Cathy! Don't you know that even the servants have to draw the lines? He'd no more come than Mrs. Oxon would!" cried Nina. "If the dancing-masters can't take South End children, because if they do the Back Bay children won't come—Oh, it's too ridiculous!" And her laugh rang out like a peal of bells through the solitudes of the splendid house, enough to startle the propriety of the old Masons in their graves not far away. "Come," she said then, "as we've deliberately enrolled ourselves plebeians, with our eyes open, we ought to be looking after our plebeian affairs. I wonder what we really are; we're not plebeians, you know, of course. And we're hardly bourgeois. And we're not——"

"We're *nouveaux riches*," said I.

"*Sangre azul*, for all that," said Nina, inconsistent to the last.

And I don't know what vision came over me, that moment, of this youngest girl of ours, this April sun and storm and shower, coming into this house presently a bride, by the side of a stalwart young Boston patrician, who had a great wave in his golden brown hair, and half a laugh in his gray eye, and a something strong and tender in his way.

"Come," said Nina, again. "Our carriage stops the way. I mean to see if I can't surprise Ailie with a wedding as well as a house!"

I turned to look back at the door. I felt a sudden pity for the rich old lonely man who had lived and died there. I should have liked to love him. I took a rose out of the little bunch I wore and put it in the

long twisted glass under his portrait in the mantel.

"Thank you, Uncle Mason," I whispered, and ran after the others.

And then that stalwart young man, with a something tender in his way, handed us

into the carriage that had come round, while that bridal vision still hung before my eyes, and I was making out the very pattern of the lace that bride wore.

If any one had told me that it would be I—

NEW LIGHT ON AN OLD MYSTERY.

BY WILLIAM WESTALL.

TO the present generation of English readers, or more comprehensively, readers of English, Kaspar Hauser is merely a name; to many, not even that. They have never heard of his strange case, and take no interest in his mysterious life and tragic death. Yet sixty years ago Kaspar Hauser was the talk of all Europe; his story was made the subject of several dramas in divers languages, and has been the theme of tracts and treatises without end, of which the latest and bulkiest, and let us hope the last, appeared only the other day. About this book * I shall have more to say presently, but I must first of all clear the way by giving a short *résumé* of the facts of the case.

On Whitmonday, 1828, which happened in that year to fall on May 28, a burgher of Nuremberg, while sauntering in the Unschlitt Place, hard by the Haller Gate, between four and five o'clock in the afternoon, perceived at a little distance a young man, the singularity of whose appearance attracted his attention and excited his curiosity. He seemed as unable either to walk upright as to stand straight. This young man or big boy (for he answered to either description) was rather short of stature, and clad like a rustic—dark gray jacket and breeches, broad-brimmed felt hat, and hob-nailed shoes. His hair was chestnut; he had an incipient beard, gray eyes, and his age might be seventeen or eighteen.

When the burgher neared him, the youth produced a letter addressed to Captain von der Wesseing, of the Sixth Regiment of Bavarian Light Horse. His speech was so imperfect and mixed up with sighs and moans as to be almost unintelligible, and the only words that could be made out were to the

effect that he wanted to be a rider or trooper, as his father had been before him. Captain von der Wesseing, who lived near the Haller Gate, was just then out, but when he returned he saw the stranger (who had been allowed to lie down in a stable), and read the letter, which was written in German, and ran thus:

"I send you a young man who desires to serve in the Light Horse, like his father. He was consigned to my care by his mother on October 7, 1812. I am a poor workman with a large family. I have brought him up as a Christian; but I have never let him quit my house, so that to this day nobody knows where he has lived. On this subject ask him no questions; he can not answer you. To avoid being traced, I brought him during the night to Neumark. He has not a kreutzer. If you would rather not keep him, knock him on the head, or hang him to a chimney."

This letter inclosed a second in Latin to the following effect:

"The child is already baptized. You must give him a surname yourself. You must educate the child. His father belonged to the Light Horse. When he is seventeen years old, send him to Nuremberg, in the Sixth Regiment of Light Horse, for there his father was also. I ask for his education until he is seventeen years old. He was born on the 30th of April, 1812. I am a poor girl, and can not support him. His father is dead."

The second letter, like the first, bore no signature; and although it purported to have been written sixteen years previously, the ink was quite as fresh as that of the other, and the paper of the same quality and texture, and the two handwritings were as nearly alike as possible.

* KASPAR HAUSER. Eine neugeschichtliche Legende. Von Antonius von der Linde. Wiesbaden, 1887.

Captain von der Wesseing asked Kaspar several questions, but could make nothing of him. The youth neither knew who he was nor whence he came. This ignorance, seeming to the bluff soldier somewhat suspicious, he handed him to the police, who removed him to a tower, near the guard-house, appropriated to rogues and vagabonds. Three points appeared clear: He was born on April 30, 1812; he was the illegitimate child of a poor girl and a light cavalryman; and his dialect showed that he had been brought up in the neighborhood of the Bohemian border. This, at least, was the theory of the police, who opined further that Kaspar, having something to conceal, was assuming a name and character not his own, in order to throw the authorities off the scent; in other words, that he was a fugitive from justice.

This, however, was not the popular theory; and when it got noised abroad that the police had put in prison an extraordinary and unaccountable being who, to every question he was asked, answered, "I do not know," he became an object of intense curiosity, which fast deepened into sympathy and pity. People visited him in his cell, examined him from head to foot, and tried to make him talk, though with little success. After a short incarceration he was set at liberty, and under the care of Professor Daumer he found, or recovered, the use of his tongue, and was induced to tell his story to the burgomaster, Herr Binder, who put it into shape and gave it to the world.

According to Kaspar's statement, he had lived as long as he could recollect in a sort of hole or cave, where he always sat on the ground in an upright position. Here he abode for long years, without even seeing the sky, the sun, or the moon; without hearing the song of a bird, the cry of an animal, or the sound of a human voice. He knew no difference between night and day, but whenever he awoke from his sleep he found by his side a loaf of bread and a pitcher of water.

After a time there came to him the man "with whom he had always been," but whose face, being hidden by a mask, he had never seen. After several visits this man lifted him on his back and took him out of the cave and made him try to walk; but it became night; that is to say, Kaspar fainted;

and at last, after they had walked several days and nights, the man brought him to the gates of Nuremberg, and then left him. Before carrying the youth off, the man informed him that the time was approaching when he should know his father; and he taught him the alphabet and how to fashion certain letters with a pencil.

This extraordinary story spread not only over Germany but throughout Europe. Although even then there were a few doubters, the believers were in a great majority; and Kaspar Hauser became the spoiled child of Nuremberg and the most popular personage in the country. Newspapers discussed him, the mob applauded him, court ladies and great nobles went to see him. Lord Stanhope took so great an interest in the abandoned boy that he offered to provide for his future.

Meanwhile strenuous efforts were being made to instruct him. He was even taught the rudiments of Latin. The women adored him; they overwhelmed him with attentions and gifts. One sentimental *Fräulein* offered to fasten on his spurs, another was lost in admiration of his little ears, a third discovered beauty in his sleepy eyes and chestnut hair. But though Kaspar was made to pose as a hero, he unfortunately displayed no heroic qualities; and, still worse, he showed little gratitude for the favors that were so lavishly bestowed on him. He was idle, stupid, base, and absurdly vain. He hated study, and the only thing he seemed to care for was for equitation, in which he excelled.

People were beginning to tire of him when an event occurred that kindled afresh the waning interest of his admirers, and besides deepening the mystery that surrounded him convinced them that he was a young man of high lineage whose unknown persecutors had strong motives for putting out of the way. On Saturday, October 17, 1829, he was found in the cellar of Professor Daumer's house, bleeding from a wound in the head and apparently dying, and he lay seemingly unconscious for forty-eight hours. So soon as he recovered he was examined by the judicial authorities. He said that, as he was coming from the closet, he was met by a "black man," who struck him on the head with a sharp instrument, and on going away exclaimed, "You shall die before you leave Nuremberg." In this man Kaspar recog-

nized the person who carried him from the cave in which he was so long immured, and left him at the Haller Gate. His object, as was presumed, was to punish Kaspar for the revelation he had made to the burgomaster and others. Nobody saw the assassin but his victim; and though the most strenuous efforts were made to catch him, not the slightest clew to his identity or whereabouts could be discovered. After this, every precaution was taken to protect the youth from those that sought his life, and for some time he was never allowed to go out unaccompanied.

A little later, Kaspar was removed from Nuremberg at the instance of Lord Stanhope, who thenceforward became his protector and placed him under the care of a certain Herr Meyer, master of a boarding-school at Anspach. On December 14, 1833, while walking alone in the park of Anspach Castle, Kaspar was accosted by a second "black man," who offered him a purse, and as he took it plunged a dagger into his side. The purse contained a letter thus conceived: "Hauser, can you say exactly what I look like and whence I came? To save him that trouble I will tell you myself. I come from the Bavarian frontier. I will also tell you my name: M. L. O."

Kaspar had strength enough left to reach Meyer's house, and relate what had befallen him. Then he fainted, and shortly afterward died. His last words were: "Oh, God! oh, God! must I perish thus in shame and opprobrium?"

Albeit the police were immediately apprised of the occurrence and did their utmost to trace the murderer, their efforts were as fruitless as had been those of the Nuremberg police when Hauser's life was attempted for the first time. So ended the brief and eventful career of this inscrutable foundling. The account of it here given comprises nearly all that is known about him—all save details on which considerations of space forbid me to dwell. For the mystery surrounding him excited so much interest that nearly everything he did was carefully noted and made the subject of an article or the theme of a pamphlet, the mere enumeration of which would fill several pages of this magazine.

According to the popular belief Kaspar was a youth of noble birth; perhaps the son of a baron. Then it was suggested that he

might be the son of a German count or a Hungarian magnate, and, finally, that he was a scion of the royal house of Baden. As this legend is still devoutly believed by many inhabitants of the Grand Duchy, and besides possessing a certain plausibility has recently been exhaustively discussed by Herr von der Linde and others, a brief account of it may not be out of place.*

The Margrave, Karl Friedrich, who became Grand Duke of Baden in 1806, was twice married. After the death of the Princess Caroline of Hesse-Darmstadt, he took to wifemorganatically the Countess Hochberg, born Geyer of Geyerberg. His heir presumptive was his grandson, Karl, who married Stephanie Louise Adrienne de Beaumont, princess of the French Empire and Bonaparte's adopted daughter. She had five children, of whom two were sons. The one survived his birth only a few days, the other only a few months. To be more precise, the elder of them was born September 29, 1812, and died on the sixteenth of the following month; the second lived from May 1, 1816, to May 8, 1817. By the death of these two children the succession passed to Karl's uncle Ludwig (subsequently grand duke) and after him (as he had no direct heir) to the issue of themorganatic marriage with the Countess Hochberg, the line which at present rules in Carlsruhe.

And now we come to Hauser. It was suggested that the prince born in 1812 had been surreptitiously exchanged for another and less healthy child, that this was the child who died on October 16, 1812, and that the youth found at the Haller Gate of Nuremberg on May 26, 1828, was the true prince and heir to the grand ducal throne. The substitution was supposed to have been instigated and contrived either by Ludwig, Karl's uncle, or by the children of themorganatic marriage.

It must be admitted that this story does not bear the impress of probability. To begin with, nothing can well be more difficult than the substitution of a plebeian for a royal infant. There would be too many in the

* KASPAR HAUSER. Aeltere und neue Beiträge zur Aufhellung der Geschichte des Unglücklichen. Von G. Friedrich Kolb. Regensburg, 1883.

KASPAR HAUSER. Seine Lebensgeschichte und der Nachweis seiner fürstlichen Herkunft, aus nunmehr zur Veröffentlichung bestimmten Papieren einer hohen Person. Regensburg, 1882.

secret. The operation could only be effected by the co-operation of nurses, doctors, and attendants. One of them would surely, sooner or later, let the cat out of the bag. In the case in question the difficulty would be enhanced by the necessity of finding a newborn babe that was sick and likely to die, its speedy death being obviously essential to the success of the scheme. It would have been a great deal easier to kill the infant outright, and a nurse who was willing to connive at so cruel a fraud would surely not have hesitated—for an adequate consideration—to take the little prince's life. A slight pressure on the windpipe, turning him over on his face as he slept, an *accidental* fall, would have been quite enough. And then why on earth should Ludwig or his morganatic kinsfolk keep the poor boy alive, confine him in a cellar, and when he was nearly grown up send him to Nuremberg, only to kill him at last? Only on the assumption that the plotters, in addition to being utterly unscrupulous (and this the story requires), were unspeakable fools, would they have acted as they are supposed to have acted.

But not alone is the legend highly improbable, it is incompatible with certain notorious facts. On October 4, 1812, the child's grandmother writes in French to her daughter, the Empress Elizabeth of Russia, as follows: "Charles's wife was delivered on September 29, of a fine boy. . . . This event causes much joy here." On the 11th she writes again to the same correspondent: "Here all is joy over the birth of a son and heir; and what gives me the most pleasure is that he reminds me of his father (her son) when he was the same age." A week later the grandmother takes up her pen to announce the death "of the poor little one." "He lived only seventeen days," she wrote; "so strong and healthy that we hoped his life would be long spared; he was suddenly taken with *ein Stickfluss* and convulsions in the head. . . . I am very sorry, because the child had such a likeness to the Baden family."

Is it conceivable that the watchful old grandmother was deceived, that the babe she had been nursing and caressing and contemplating day by day and hour by hour, so strong and healthy, bearing so striking a resemblance to his father, was an impostor palmed off on them by an audacious con-

spiracy? In after years, when the legend had found wide acceptance, both with the classes and the masses, the child's mother, Grand Duchess Stephanie, quite scouted the idea of Kaspar Hauser being her son. In a conversation with the celebrated Mettermaier, professor of law at Heidelberg University, she said that the substitution of another child for hers was "a pure impossibility." Save for the countenance given to the fable by Ludwig I. of Bavaria, which made common folks think "there was something in it," none but the stupidly credulous would have given it even a momentary credence.

Ludwig, however, had personal reasons for propagating the scandal. Both his father and himself coveted the Baden Palatinate, and had intrigued with the Powers at the Congress of Vienna in 1815 to obtain its annexation to the Bavarian dominion. In this they failed; but King Ludwig thought that if it could be shown that the morganatic line succeeded to the heritage by a crime his hopes might possibly be realized. As, moreover, people find it easy to believe what it is their interest to believe, he may have been quite sincere in accepting the legend as true. He not only believed it himself but insisted on others believing it, and all who wanted to please him shut their eyes and swallowed the lie. We must remember, too, that the credulity of mankind is absolutely immeasurable. "One fool makes many" is a true saying; few men are capable of weighing evidence and most men are only too ready to believe what others believe. Credulity is as contagious as the plague. Only a few years ago half England believed that Arthur Orton was none other than Roger Tichborne, and millions of Russian peasants are persuaded that the noble Czar is an earthly Providence.

But if Kaspar Hauser was not the kidnapped son of Grand Duke Karl, who was he? An impostor. This I think that Herr von der Linde, whose work on the subject I cited at the beginning of this article, has clearly shown. Whether it was worth while to write two volumes to prove so evident a proposition is another question. Consider the facts: Hauser's story was full of contradictions. He pretended that he could not walk; yet he asserted that he had made a long journey on foot. The mysterious unknown who had brought him to Nurem-

berg was at once his jailer, his master, his liberator, and his murderer. If this man wanted to kill him, why did he not effect his purpose when he had Hauser safe in the cellar? He said he had never been let out of the cellar, never seen the sun or moon, nor artificial light, yet he knew how to ride and could read, and write his own name.

Then, again, all who had anything to do with Kaspar found him to be a most consummate liar. Merker, the school-master, who saw more of him than any other body, had not the least doubt the boy was a fraud. He described him as cunning, mendacious, and subtle, either ready to accommodate himself to circumstances or conform to the virtues and prejudices of those whom he thought it to his interest to conciliate. He probably went to Nuremberg with no other object than to become a dragoon. When he found that people were disposed to regard him as a hero of romance and the victim of a diabolical plot, he acted promptly on the idea and invented the childish story of the dark cave and the black man. When his influence began to wane, he hit on the device of cutting his head and pretending that the apocryphal black man had attempted his life. This theory is an inevitable corollary from the facts. According to Hauser's statement he was wounded near the closet, and had not the most remote idea how he got into the cellar. Now he must either have gone thither himself or been carried by his assailant, and as he could not well have walked or crawled along a passage and down a flight of steps without being aware of the fact, we are reduced to the second alternative. But it is as absurd to suppose that the "black man" would take the trouble and

incur the risk of carrying his victim into the cellar as that he could do so and escape undetected, and, unseen, vanish like smoke in the open day from a house in which there were several people. But the trick succeeded.

Besides being a hero, Kaspar became a martyr, whose life was sought by high-born and mysterious enemies. The Anspach experiment was of the same order and made for a like purpose. But playing with edged tools is proverbially dangerous, and either Kaspar, using a sharp dagger, wounded himself more severely than he intended or died as a consequence of unskillful treatment.

In all this there is nothing extraordinary. It is no uncommon thing for people to hurt themselves, either to avoid something that they dislike or obtain something that they desire. In countries where military service is compulsory recruits often make themselves ineligible for the career of arms by cutting off their fingers and purposely injuring their eyesight. In Lancashire cotton factories boys have been known to get themselves repeatedly hurt by the machinery, in order that they might enjoy at one and the same time the sweets of idleness and the profits of pay. Pay without work was Kaspar's ideal, and he willingly resorted to any subterfuge, even though it might involve considerable physical suffering, whereby his object might be attained.

Herr von der Linde has proved beyond doubt that Kaspar Hauser was not a grand duke. The facts of his life, so far as they are known, point unerringly to the conclusion that he was a vulgar and uninteresting impostor.

APPROACH OF NIGHT.

BY CLARENCE URMY.

By the yellow in the sky,
Night is nigh ;
By the murk on mead and mere,
Night is near.

By one fair star, pale and wan,
Night comes on ;
By the moon so calm and clear,
Night is here.

MILLIONAIRES OF THE PACIFIC COAST.

BY GEORGE H. FITCH.

IN a previous article* were given sketches and portraits of the representative railway and bonanza kings of the Pacific coast—men whose wealth, made within twenty years, rivals the fortunes of the Astors, the slow accumulation of over a century. In the following article will be found sketches of other Pacific coast millionaires whose careers offer good subjects to the writer of romance, so rapid has been their advance from poverty to enormous wealth.

I.

THE COMSTOCK MILLIONAIRES.

SHAKESPEARE's pithy saying in regard to the tide that, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune, is often quoted to illustrate the rise to fame or wealth of great men; but Senator Jones, of Nevada, is an example of a man who has twice seized this tide at its flood; who has lost an imperial fortune without apparent regret, and is now again on the way to great wealth. Jones is an Englishman, of Welsh descent, who came to this country when very young. With three brothers he left Cleveland, Ohio, in the spring of 1850 for the new El Dorado of the Pacific. He tried mining in several counties of California, but made no great success, and it was not until he went to the Comstock Lode in 1867 that his star began to rise. Like Sharon, he was among the luckiest of the original investors in the Nevada silver mines. His mining experience in California stood him in good stead, and he was soon superintendent of a number of valuable mines, among others the Crown Point and Kentuck.

In this position he showed the qualities that have made him one of the most popular men in Nevada. During a great fire in the Yellow Jacket Mine, it became necessary, to prevent the spread of the flames to the connecting mines, that some one should go down to the eight hundred foot level of the Crown Point, and cut the air pipes. The superintendent, with a boy to hold a candle, was lowered in the cage and performed the

dangerous work. This made him the hero of the mines; the establishment of eight hours as a day's work rounded out his popularity.

When the first great bonanza was struck in the Crown Point Mine, it brought millions to Superintendent Jones. He and Sharon divided most of this wealth between them, but Jones had not his partner's faculty of clinging to his money. With a warm imagination he saw, like *Mulberry Sellers*, millions in every promising scheme that was unfolded before him. Inventors and prospectors besieged him. He tried to develop mines in Mono, Inyo, and Kern counties in California. He lavished money like a prince. He spent nearly a million on the Sumner Mine in Kern County, and took out nothing but water. Water sometimes brings a fortune to a mining man when it is cleverly mixed with stock, but the water that Jones struck had to be pumped out, and for two years he kept the largest pumping works on the coast going day and night, only to find that when the mine was drained there was nothing in it. Another million was sunk in southern Utah in a mine that never paid one cent on the dollar.

The Inyo Mines next absorbed his attention, and with his usual prodigality he started in to connect them with tide-water. He built twenty miles of a narrow-gauge railroad from Santa Monica, the seaport of Los Angeles, toward Independence, the capital of Inyo County. The railroad never got any farther than Los Angeles, and the tourist to-day marvels at the word "Independence" on the side of these cars. Jones's fortune was gone and the mines had "petered out" by the time the railroad was in operation, and soon after the great Southern Pacific octopus absorbed it. He also spent several millions in San Francisco in costly buildings and manufacturing enterprises. When his wealth slipped from him, he accepted its loss philosophically. He was then in the United States Senate, where he has gained a reputation as one of the leaders of the Bi-metallists.

* Published in the August number.



JOHN F. JONES.

About eight years ago he with some others invested a few thousands in the Treadwell Mine at Douglas Island in Alaska. The stock was hawked about the streets in San Francisco, but no one had any confidence in the far northern territory. The mine proved a

veritable bonanza to its owners. A huge stamp-mill has been erected, and for several years Jones's share has netted him from one hundred thousand to one hundred and fifty thousand dollars a year, and there is enough ore in sight to yield the same revenue for years to come. So Senator Jones may yet regain his lost wealth. He is still in his prime, of magnificent physique and undiminished vigor. Of all the Comstock millionaires he is the only one who has shown a genius for national affairs, or who has developed any ability as an orator and a writer.

The late William Sharon was known chiefly as a Comstock millionaire, a United States Senator from Nevada, and the defendant in one of the greatest divorce cases in American legal annals. He came to California with none of this world's goods; he accumulated a fortune of fifteen million dollars; yet he left this world for the unknown country from which none return, with an estate valued at four hundred and fifty dollars. This astonishing result was due to the fact that he made over his estate months before to his heirs, in order to defeat the Court decision that ordered him to pay alimony to the woman who claimed to be his wife.

The story of Jones's fortune is that of Sharon's also. He made his first great "stake" in Crown Point and Belcher. From that time on it was like the record of the gathering mass of a great snowball. There were occasional checks to its advancement and growth, but these were only temporary. Sharon had the genius for the manipulation of mines which brings wealth into the manager's pocket. He controlled for years a half-score of mines out of which he made large profits, while the stockholders received

nothing but the liberty to pay assessments. Sharon was intimately associated with William R. Ralston, and when the crash came in the Bank of California Sharon was the man who took the dead financier's estate and entered upon the legal fight with the creditors. Many predicted that the burden would swamp him, but he managed finally to reach firm ground; and by his shrewd management he actually plucked profit out of the tangle of involved interests. He built many houses in this city, and he carried on at a profit enterprises that had been a dead loss to the more generous Ralston. Sharon was small of stature, and his only striking feature was his eye, in which gleamed cunning, courage, and power. His last years were clouded with the divorce suit brought by Sarah Althea Hill. Her case was based on a marriage certificate which she claimed, and which the Court held, was genuine; but the Supreme Court reversed this decision. The bitter legal fight, which was continued for many months, cost Sharon not less than a quarter of a million, and when it was decided that he must pay the woman counsel fees and alimony, he stripped himself of his millions in order that she might not secure any of his wealth. He left a memorial which ought to keep his name green, in a bequest of fifty thousand dollars for a children's play-ground at the Golden Gate Park in San Francisco.

One of the most successful mining men on the Pacific Coast is George Hearst, recently elected by the Democrats as United States Senator from California. Hearst is a plain old Missourian, of small education and no polish of manners. He has spent most of his life in rough mining camps. Upon mines and quartz mining his judgment is almost infallible. For ten years after he crossed the plains from Missouri he suffered the hardships of mining life with few of its rewards. Finally, in 1859,



WM. SHARON.

he journeyed in the winter to the Comstock Lode, then just discovered. The value of the new "black ore" he discovered from assays, and getting all the capital he could command he invested it in the Ophir Mine. Five years saw him a millionaire, and since then he has touched nothing that did not turn into gold. He owns the richest mine in Montana: he has valuable mines in Utah, Idaho, Nevada, and Mexico.

When he began to appear as a power, Haggin and Tevis invited him to become an associate with them. Thus he has acquired large interests in California lands. He is a man slow of speech and of action. He hesitates over a decision, but he can be rapid when the occasion calls for prompt action. Thus he had been negotiating for a large Mexican ranch just over the border, which had been allowed to go to ruin because it was on the trail that Geronimo always used when on one of his periodical raids. Hearst got early intelligence of the capture of the Apache chief and secured the land at about twenty cents an acre. For two hundred thousand dollars he obtained a body of rich land that is worth to-day several millions.

Many amusing stories are related of Hearst's peculiarities; but with all his oddities he commands respect for his honesty and his loyalty to friends, two traits not conspicuous among mining millionaires. His generosity to the Democratic Party in California led to his elevation to the Senate. He has strong political ambition, but his advisers have usually been badly selected. Thus, when he was placed in nomination for Governor of California, he made a speech so full of learned words and florid rhetoric that every one knew it had been written for him. It fell flat, and General Stoneman secured the nomination. But after the result was announced Hearst came forward and in simple, plain language declared that he would work for the candidate sincerely and faithfully. His speech was the event of the Convention, and one of the audience called out, "Uncle George, if you had talked that way before the vote, you would have got that nomination!"

Senator Hearst's wealth is estimated at fifteen million dollars and his income at eighty thousand dollars a month. He has just made a present to his only son of a

newspaper in San Francisco. The young man has a strong taste for journalism, and an almost unexampled opportunity for gratifying it.

The name of Adolph Sutro will always be connected with the great tunnel which he constructed for draining the lower levels of the Comstock Mines and which is one of the wonders of modern engineering. Little is known of his early career, as he is reticent about his life. He is a Hebrew, of French birth, and he evidently enjoyed good educational advantages, as he speaks many of the modern European languages and is also familiar with Hebrew, Arabic, and Persian. He was very poor when he came to California more than a quarter of a century ago. There are tales that he peddled Yankee notions about the streets of San Francisco, but in this he had good company, as one of the present Justices of the United States Supreme Court pieced out a scanty law practice in the same way.

It was in 1864, while on the Comstock Lode, that he conceived the great project of boring a tunnel which would tap all the deep mines and thus furnish drainage and pure air. Sutro formed a tunnel company, made contracts with the mining companies to receive a certain royalty on every ton of ore extracted after the tunnel was finished, and then crossed the Atlantic to get funds for the vast enterprise. When the big bonanzas were struck, Sutro began to encounter a storm of opposition, as it was seen at once what an enormous revenue the tunnel would draw from the mines. For years he made the fight single-handed, which would have broken any ordinary man. Finally, in 1878, after nine years of work, the tunnel was completed at a cost, with interest, of six million five hundred thousand dollars. Then the mining companies, which had nearly exhausted their paying ore, refused to pay the stipulated royalty. Sutro at once closed the tunnel, the mines were flooded, and soon a compromise was made. The bulk of the stock of the tunnel company is held in Europe, and has never paid interest. Sutro, however, made the fortune out of it that his genius and persistence deserved. He has invested most of this money in San Francisco real estate, which has increased greatly in value within the last ten years.

In his frequent trips to Europe Mr. Sutro

found it a recreation to gather rare and valuable books and manuscripts, and when he retired from mining these formed the nucleus of a great library. For the past five years he has been adding to this library, until now it numbers between sixty thousand and seventy thousand volumes, many of them unique, and a large number of Oriental manuscripts, including the original leather sheets of Hebraic text from which the ingenious Shappira made up his spurious Book of Deuteronomy. Mr. Sutro's plan is to establish a free library in San Francisco that shall be second to none in the world in the departments of history and science. In connection with it will be a museum for the display of Egyptian and other curiosities. Besides four well-authenticated mummies of hoar antiquity, he has a boat discovered in an Egyptian tomb, of the time of Abraham. The California Legislature, which has just ended its session, passed a bill giving Mr. Sutro full powers to establish this library. Its site will probably be on the heights overlooking the famous Seal Rocks and the Pacific Ocean—a beautiful spot that the millionaire has already converted into a great pleasure ground.

In common with ex-Senator Fair, wealth brought contention into the Sutro family. For several years the divided household lived in one large residence in San Francisco, Sutro entering at one door and his wife at another, the children sharing their time between their parents. Of late years Sutro has lived in his cottage by the ocean with the handsome daughters of whom he is justly proud. In appearance he is a striking man, with the eye of an eagle, and a nose which bears out the resemblance to



GEORGE HEARST.

the king of birds. With a skin as deeply bronzed as Stanley's, and with his snowy white hair and beard, he looks more like an Oriental sheik than an American. They call him "The Assyrian" on the Comstock, and it is easy to see how the title fits him.

"Lucky" Baldwin is a California millionaire who has gained a national reputation by his victories on the American turf. He will divide the honors this year with young Haggin, and some predict that his stable will rank first among the winners of the great



ADOLPH SUTRO.

racers. Like most of his fellow millionaires, he came to the Pacific Coast very poor. The ox-train of which he formed a part was besieged by Apaches for two weeks in the Humboldt Valley, but nearly all escaped without injury. Brick-making was the first thing that he turned his hand to. From that he drifted into the mining stock market, and his shrewdness and nerve soon brought him to the front. He was dubbed "Lucky" because he never failed in a deal. He made a careful investigation of all the Comstock mines that he was allowed to enter, and, as the result of his work, he invested all his coin in Crown Point and Belcher. The same boom that brought wealth to Sharon enriched him. But he did not remain in the Comstock. He saw a richer field in the San Francisco stock market, where he joined hands with James R. Keene, and the two conspirators planned the campaign in Ophir stock that broke the Bank of California, and transferred to Baldwin's account four million five hundred thousand dollars. Keene cleared up nearly as much, and, flushed with triumph, went to New York to work the Wall Street money kings; three years saw him stripped of every dollar.

Baldwin remained on the Pacific Coast, and was content to supply timber and crush ore for the mines that were now on assessments. He bought the great Santa Anita ranch near Los Angeles, and to it he added many other purchases, so that now he owns a principality in this fertile southern valley of seventy thousand acres, on which is his celebrated breeding stable. He built the second largest hotel in San Francisco, with a theater in one wing; he owns a large strip

of the shore of Lake Tahoe, in the Sierras, with a beautiful summer hotel; he works valuable mines in Inyo County; he has acres of real estate in San Francisco; he makes more brandy and wine on his southern ranch than any one else in the State; he grows enough wheat to charter entire ships for Liverpool, and every year he shears ten thousand sheep. He estimates his wealth at twenty million dollars, and his income at a round million a year.

Baldwin has had large experience with women, having been married three times, not to mention morganatic alliances that can not be numbered. The latter have given him much trouble. He has been shot by a fair young cousin who charged him with her ruin; he has been sued by a young Southern beauty for breach of promise, and the case is still in the courts; he has had other adventures, out of which he has always managed to escape unscathed in person, if not in pocket. His last wife is young enough to be his daughter, but though the old millionaire's locks are white and his face is scarred with the lines plowed by his hard life, he still walks with a jaunty step, and he drives his thoroughbred four-in-hand with the skill and nerve of youth.

II.

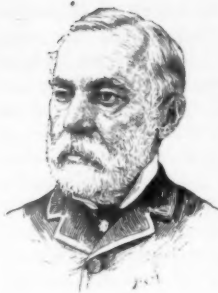
LAND AND CATTLE KINGS.

AMONG the score of men on the Pacific Coast whose millions are now placed in lands and great industrial enterprises, nearly all can trace their rise to lucky mining investments. The marvelous advance in mining shares lifted them into wealth, and they have used this wealth in speculative enterprises and in vast agricultural operations that dwarf even the work of the bonanza wheat farmers of Nebraska and Dakota. These men own land by the league; their cattle and sheep feed on a thousand hills; they have built irrigating canals that cost millions; their great estates are principalities; whole villages are filled with their working-people. No feudal baron ever exercised greater sway than these men, who have done much to develop the resources of California, and yet who are the greatest curse to the State because they are building up in this new Western land the hateful system of tenant-farming that has beggared

the Irish people and converted their fairest lands into deer park and barren moor. These land and cattle barons are cruel as the grave to the small settler. They look on him as the Southern planter of the old régime regarded the "poor white" squatter—as something to be hurried and cleared out of their district.

In many parts of California these men still monopolize thousands of acres of the public domain, which they have inclosed with the barbed-wire fence, and woe to the small cattle-raiser who dares to cut these fences or to insist upon his rights of pasturage. His cattle will be killed, and he will be fortunate if he escapes death or maiming at the hands of the hired retainers of his powerful neighbor. Of course, all these wealthy land-owners are not to be included in this category, but the possession of power is generally fatal to generosity and fairness. The millionaire is beset on all sides by the human sharks that feed on the vices and the weaknesses of wealth. In the struggle to hold his own he becomes hard and bitter, and too often acts on the principle that might is right. Hence some of the worst tragedies that blacken the pages of California history—the deadly feuds between railroad and land monopolists, and the small settlers who saw the work of years snatched from them by legal technicalities. The blood spilled in these contests is like the dragon's teeth sowed in the soil—it brings forth a crop of hate and vengeance that is a perpetual menace to the public peace and safety.

Of the millionaire landed proprietors of California, the first place must be given to James Ben Ali Haggin. Haggin is a Kentuckian, whose maternal grandfather was a Christianized Turk, compelled to flee from his native country. He was bred to the law, joined the tide of Argonauts, practiced his profession in San Francisco, was twice burned out in the great fires, and twice lost a valuable law library. He first began to accumulate wealth when he entered into partnership with Milton S. Latham, a brilliant lawyer, who made and lost a great fortune in railroad and land enterprises. Mr. Haggin afterward formed an alliance with Lloyd Tevis, a fellow-Kentuckian and a brother-in-law, and the firm has become known throughout the Pacific



J. B. HAGGIN.

Coast for its extensive dealings in mines and land, and other enterprises. Haggin was among the first to see the fortune that was in store for the owner of good agricultural lands in California. Prior to 1860 land was held as of small value. The prospector despised the slow gains of farming. Every one was so intent on mining that good land could be bought for a song. Haggin purchased thousands of acres of rich wheat land in the Sacramento and San Joaquin valleys for a few dollars an acre. These lands are as rich and as inexhaustible as the valley of the Nile, as level as a barn floor, as free from root or stone as a well-kept kitchen garden. They have been made enormously productive by scientific culture, and in early summer one may see the sun shining on thousands of acres of yellow wheat and bearded barley; the dust rising in little pillars here and there shows the progress of the wonderful machine that reaps the wheat, threshes, winnows, and sacks the grain, and leaves a row of bags in its well-cleared swath to mark this modern miracle of the inventor's art.

But Mr. Haggin did more than develop what was clearly valuable. He was the first to see the possibility of converting the desert places of the State into productive farms. He had made a careful study of irrigation in Egypt and the Holy Land, and he applied the principles gained there to California. He secured vast tracts of land in Kern County under the Desert Land Act, and by irrigating canals, constructed at great expense, he made this land, which had been given over to the cactus and regarded as the abomination of desolation, as productive as the river bottoms of the San Joaquin. An investment of a million thus yielded twenty-fold. It did even more for the State than for Mr. Haggin, for it led to the founding of the Fresno, Kern, and Tulare County colonies, which have given homes and competence to thousands of settlers. Mr. Haggin has also conducted costly experiments to test the adaptability

of soil and climate to cotton, sugar-cane, Egyptian corn, jute, and many other products. His energy, his fertility of resource know no bounds; neither, apparently, does his acquisitiveness. He is as intent on money-making now as he was a quarter of a century ago. He has a large family, and lives in one of the palaces that overlook San Francisco Bay—a mansion that is as large as a big city hotel, and that is famous for its hospitalities.

The partner of Haggin, Lloyd Tevis, is a very peculiar man. He has a genius for accounts, as well as for gathering in coin. Of all the rich men on the Pacific Coast he is probably the ablest financier, as he is undisputedly the first in carrying on large business negotiations. Since 1850 he has been associated with Mr. Haggin, and the two now wield a power which is second only to that of the railroad triumvirate. Tevis has been connected with nearly all the large manufacturing and industrial enterprises of San Francisco, and each of these has yielded him a rich profit. He has the instinct for detecting commercial disaster, and the great panic of 1876, in which the Bank of California went under, found him unhurt. He is frequently called upon to manage important commercial negotiations, and he is never modest about his fees for such services. Thus, he was asked to arrange a compromise between the Central Pacific Railroad directors and Mrs. Colton, whose husband died suddenly while in the service of the company. He succeeded in inducing her to accept two hundred thousand dollars and relinquish all claims on the company. The widow's mite is generally regarded as sacred even by cold-blooded business men; but Tevis coolly reserved half of this amount as his pay for the work. The facts came out in the famous trial of the suit of Mrs. Colton against the railroad company, a trial which also revealed the abilities of millionaire Huntington as a letter-writer.



CLAUS SPRECKELS.

Lux* and Miller, the millionaire butchers of California, were known a few years ago simply as the owners of more land than any other single firm in the State. Within two years they have become the greatest menace to the future development of California agriculture, as they lead the party that insists upon the enforcement of the old English common law of riparian ownership of the waters of the State. William Lux came here from Alsace, Henry Miller from Würtemberg. Both were bred to the butcher trade, and in early days in San Francisco they made a large profit from the buying and selling of cattle. They gradually became the possessors of large tracts for the pasturage of their cattle, securing rich agricultural land at one-tenth the price it now commands. They own over three million acres in California and Nevada, on which are hundreds of thousands of cattle, and are worth twelve million dollars. It is their boast that in driving their herds from the far southern counties to the great stock-yards near San Francisco they can water and feed the droves every night on their own land.

The advance given to irrigation by the successful experiments of Haggin in Kern County alarmed these cattle barons. They saw that the streams which watered their stock would be speedily diverted to enrich the barren plains of their neighbors. Hence they determined to have the old law of riparian rights enforced. The struggle was bitter, as Haggin was equally bound to secure the rights of the irrigators. Money was poured out like water on each side, but the Supreme Court decided the test case in favor of the riparianists. There is no question that this decision will be modified very soon so as to allow the separate counties to decide whether they shall have irrigation or not. On the right to appropriate water for orchards and vineyards depends the development of the Southern California Colonies.

Claus Spreckels has well been termed the Sugar King of the Sandwich Islands, as most of his millions have been drawn from the cane-fields of the Hawaiian Islands, and for many years he ruled the pigmy kingdom of Kalakaua as absolutely as though he sat on this South Sea Island throne. Spreckels

is a South German who began life here as a corner grocery keeper. He made money in selling groceries, and his experience led him to undertake sugar refining, to which he had been trained in the old country. He was an expert chemist, invented new processes of refining, and soon had built up a large trade in the refining of the crude sugar, from the Sandwich Islands. He saw the profit that there would be in the raising, refining, and sale of this island sugar, could one man or one company control all branches of the business and reap all the profits. In 1876 he acquired possession of about twenty-six thousand acres of land in the Island of Maui, near some of the best sugar plantations. There he dug a ditch which tapped the mountain streams miles away, costing four hundred and thirty thousand dollars, by which he irrigated his land. The neighboring planters tried to restrain him, as he injured their water supply, but Spreckels had loaned the King money and the injunction fell through; that sugar plantation is now one of the most valuable in the world. Spreckels raises the cane and crushes it by the aid of cheap contract labor, procured from Madeira, the South Sea Islands, China, and Japan; it is shipped to San Francisco in his vessels; refined here in his mills, and then carried to all parts of the coast and as far east as Kansas City and St. Louis by the Southern Pacific Company, under a contract with which no one else can compete.

When to this is added the fact that he pays not one cent of duty on this crude sugar brought from the Islands, some idea of the enormous profits of the business may be gained. It was estimated three years ago, when the business was at its height, that Spreckels made six hundred barrels of sugar every day, each barrel worth thirty dollars, thus giving him a daily revenue of eighteen thousand dollars, or six million five hundred and seventy thousand dollars a year. His profits were a clear ten dollars on every barrel, making his yearly income two million one hundred and ninety thousand dollars. Now, however, the profits have dwindled sadly, as the railroad company can no longer make special contracts with him, and a rival sugar refining company is competing with him for the control of the sugar interests on the islands. King Kalakaua, after borrowing three-quarters of a

* Since this was written Mr. Lux has died. He left sixty-five thousand dollars to various charitable institutions.

million from Spreckels, has recently negotiated a loan of two million dollars with English capitalists, a proceeding that led to a violent quarrel between the monarch and his money-lender. So long, however, as the Reciprocity Treaty with Hawaii continues in force, Spreckels will coin money out of his sugar interests. It is estimated that he is worth twenty-five million dollars, a large part of which is invested in plantations, machinery, steamships, and sailing vessels.

Claus Spreckels is an old man, but he has the clear skin, the bright eye, and the energetic movements of a man of thirty. He has small education, speaks with a strong German accent, is simple in his tastes, and fond of his home.

A number of California capitalists have recently transferred the bulk of their property to the East. Among them are Mrs. Mark Hopkins and D. O. Mills. Mr. Mills is a banker above all else. As early as 1850 his checks were familiar in all parts of California. His bank was regarded by the miners as the Bank of England is by the loyal Briton. He was known to be very conservative, rigidly honest, and an enemy to all stock speculation and gambling. This gave him great influence in a community where few had the self-control to adhere to purely legitimate business. The original bank was established in Sacramento, the capital of the State, but the rapid growth of San Francisco soon drew him to the metropolis, where he founded the Bank of California, of which he became president. He held this important position for nine years, when he retired to give his sole attention to his large and constantly increasing property interests. When the bank failed in 1875, he consented once more to take charge of it, and in three years he restored it to its former position. Mr. Mills has a beautiful country seat at Millbrae, in the Santa Clara Valley, but his home is in New York. His only daughter was married several years ago to Mr. Whitelaw Reid, editor of the *New York Tribune*. Mr. Mills has invested largely in real estate in New York, and, it is said, has

added much to his fortune by these purchases. His wealth is set down by good judges at twenty-five million dollars.

There are half a score of other California millionaires who have climbed above the five-million level, but the lives of few of them present any picturesque features. Nicholas Luring made a fortune as a money-lender in the early days of San Francisco, when as high as thirty or forty per cent. a month was paid by merchants on steamer day in order to meet their Eastern bills. He loaned many thousands on San Francisco real estate which fell into his hands, and in this way he became the owner of much valuable property. This alone makes him now many times a millionaire. He has done little to improve the city, as it is only within two or three years that he has begun to build houses on his vacant lots which dot the map of the city.

Other millionaires who must be dismissed in a paragraph are Louis Storr, the head of the Alaska Commercial Company that has the monopoly of the fur seal business on this coast; W. B. Carr, who is extensively interested with Haggin in ranches and irrigating schemes; Jesse D. Carr, who owns thousands of acres in California and Oregon, and has enormous herds of cattle; I. W. Helman, the Los Angeles banker, who was prominently named as a competitor of Hearst for the United States Senate.

All these millionaires, whose combined fortunes make California rank high among the States for wealth, were poor men twenty years ago. Most of them would have gained moderate fortunes in any community; but the marvelous opportunities of the sudden development of California gave them the wealth of kings. Most of them have had little leisure and less inclination to use their vast wealth for other than material purposes, but it is not an idle dream that they or their successors may follow the example of Stanford, Sutro, and Lick, and do their part in founding institutions that shall advance the arts and sciences of this new Western land but yesterday reclaimed from Spanish-American barbarism.



CHARLES SUMNER.

CHARLES SUMNER.—II.

RECOLLECTIONS BY ARNOLD BURGESS JOHNSON.

SUMNER was an ardent admirer of Edmund Burke, and had a number of editions of his works, and many single volumes. Among them was "The Appeal from the New to the Old Whigs." It was bound and interleaved by order of Lord Southampton for the use of his library. The inscription "Lord Southampton from the author" appears on the half-title page, and on the front of the second fly-leaf is a manuscript copy of the author's letter to Southampton, and

throughout the book are various manuscript notes. One of his choicest treasures was the manuscript of Burke's "Observations on the Conduct of the Minority," revised in the handwriting of the author, to which are added four holograph letters with the franks attached. There are four portraits bound with it, and it has the book-plate of Tillingham. With this he would sometimes show John Adams's copy of the "Federalist" containing his autograph. On the title-page of

Vol. II. Adams had written, "By Mr. Hamilton." He had given it to Thomas Brand Hollis, from whom it passed successively to Dr. Disney, Henry Steel, John Atkinson, Joseph Parkes, and Charles Sumner. There were about the Senator's house many pictures of Burke, and one engraving of cabinet size, which usually stood on the mantel-piece of the study, was marvelously like Sumner himself.

The Senator owned Milton's copy of *Pindar*. It is a folio of seven hundred and fifty-six pages, printed in 1620. The margins throughout bear Milton's manuscript notes in Latin and Greek, and at the end he has added an alphabetical index occupying two closely written pages of all the authors cited (except Homer and Pindar), with reference to the different places where they are mentioned in annotations: The authentication and pedigree of the book is complete. Here it is that the date is given as to the time occupied by Milton in reading the book, namely, from June 17, 1630, to September 28, 1630. This was a part of a forced vacation that the poet was compelled to take during his university career in company with all oth-

ers connected with it, they having fled from Cambridge during the ravages of a fearful epidemic. From April to the end of June, 1630, Cambridge was completely deserted. The following is written in one of the volumes: "I gave at the sale £41 for the volume, Mr. Addington the under bidder having bid £40. Signed, B. M. Pickering, 196 Piccadilly, 11 Nov., 1872." Most of these treasures the Senator kept under glass, in the room opening out from his dining-room, which was called his library.

A lecturer on international law at one of the Washington law schools, with whom I had become somewhat personally acquainted, asked me so to arrange that he could have a chat with Mr. Sumner. The Senator consented to receive him, and we went to his house about ten o'clock one evening after lecture. The Senator was alone, and after introducing them I went to my desk and devoted myself to bringing up my work. From time to time bits of their talk would interrupt me. When the Professor said he understood from the State Department that Wheaton's "Elements of International Law" had been translated into Chinese, the Senator asked me to hand



SUMNER'S STUDY.

him Burlingame's Wheaton, and I got out of the casket received from Mr. Burlingame, lately Minister to China and afterward Minister from China to all the world, in which he had sent it to Sumner the first copy of the translation that had been issued. After a while they were speaking of Grotius, and the Professor said something of his enormous intellect, when Sumner lighted a gas bracket to show him the pictures on his wall not only of Grotius himself, but also of his wife. Then he got out a beautiful manuscript by Grotius, which he had presented to his friend Peter Scriverius, the historian, and who afterward had returned it to Grotius with a complimentary letter dated 1625, which had come from the library of the Rev. John Mitford; and the Senator pointed out on one of the fly-leaves extracts from letters by Grotius to Scriverius referring to this book.

Then something was said of Hauteville and Phillemore, when Sumner asked me to hand him the volume he had received from the latter author, that he might show the Professor the half-page inscription to him in the first volume. Then after a bit I heard the name of Katchenowsky, the new Russian authority on international law, mentioned, and I was called from my desk to get the volume he had sent the Senator, and for a while I was unable to work while the Senator was reading to the Professor from the original a specimen paragraph which he could pronounce but which neither of them could understand. The talk continued long after I was too tired to work, and at last somewhere in the small hours I was awakened from the sleep that had overtaken me in my chair by the Professor, who was rising to go. Then the Senator thanked me for procuring for him so pleasant an hour (they had talked nearly four), and he asked the Professor to call again at any time; he would always find him ready to talk on International Law, and the Senator turned to his desk while we took our leave. The Professor told me, as we walked the deserted streets on the way to his hotel, that he never had passed such a delightful evening; still he was not sure that he ever wanted just such another, for he had found himself utterly overwhelmed by the pressure of the authorities and the avalanche of learning: it was altogether too much for one meal.

Senator Sumner had a happy way of writing to any one whose work pleased him as author, orator, painter, sculptor, or musician. Many authors have been made happy by his expressions of appreciation. Longfellow, Whittier, Holmes, Lowell, Motley, Prescott, *et id genus omne*, have been laid under contribution by the Senator's biographer, and the letters Sumner wrote them while hot from their works will make very interesting reading. There are those across the water who can contribute to his biography charming letters of appreciation, and among them Jean Ingelow, who received several of great force. He had an especially warm side for young authors of merit, and many a one of them, now of established reputation, owes much to his discriminating praise, and his encouragement to press on, to elevate and purify their taste, and above all "to work, work, work." To one he wrote, "Who shall say that the power to work is not itself genius?"

It was his way to write to a speaker immediately after he had heard or read his speech. Schuyler Colfax came to the front in a speech on the Kansas question which showed him to be a man of mark. Sumner on that same night wrote him a letter of thanks, couched in such terms that the young orator showed it to doubting friends as an evidence that at least one leading man did not deem him too rash. The letter found its way into print, and soon it was regarded as happily voicing the views of the party, and Republicans generally indorsed Sumner's indorsement, and Colfax was a made man.

So thoroughly necessary was it deemed to have Sumner's stamp on a rising reputation, that he was sometimes importuned to do for others what he had done for Colfax. "Let him," Sumner said to one suitor, "make such a speech as Colfax made, and I will write him such a letter as I wrote Colfax." And yet most of those letters, many of which would be of much interest as showing the choicest essence of the spirit of the times, are lost to us, for he kept no copies; but his careful biographer may yet trace out and obtain many, by the letters of thanks Sumner received and preserved, and they may still become accessible in the forthcoming volumes.

Many of Sumner's warmest friends were among the literati rather than among the

politicians. His relations with Longfellow were peculiarly tender. The Senator wrote to the poet more often and more fully than to any other of his correspondents. They were much together when the Senator was at home, always of a Sunday evening, when practicable. Longfellow's diary is full of Sumner and his movements, and Sumner's letters constantly refer to Longfellow as his criterion in many things. Their tastes, their views, often their purses were one. They were friends from boyhood, and Sumner left Longfellow his choicest treasures, and made him one of his literary executors. Never was there such a friendship between such a poet and such a statesman. It flowed calmly, evenly, without a break, with increasing strength to the end; but who shall say that

over to the Adjutant-General and to quit the premises. Stanton barricaded himself in his room at the War Department and held the fort. Meantime, he sent to prominent statesmen for advice, and they individually wrote him letters of encouragement. Old Ben Wade, the Chairman of the Committee on the Conduct of the War, asked Sumner to contribute his quota for the purpose, whereupon he wrote the following letter:

SENATE CHAMBER [Printed].

Dear Stanton: Stick.

CHARLES SUMNER.

This and no more.

The following is a fac-simile of the shortest letter ever received from the Senator by myself:

Oh! you of little faith!

C. S.

Boston

19th Dec. '56

this friendship, so lovely in this life, is not continued in that other greater life in which they are again united?

Mr. Sumner received an enormous number of letters; how many one may judge by the fact that, while he saved only the most important, there were one hundred and twenty-four volumes of letter-books among his effects, each containing from two hundred and fifty to five hundred letters. Many of his letters must necessarily have been brief. One was the shortest letter on record. It consisted of but a single word, and has become historical. It happened in this way. President Johnson had Johnsonized; Stanton, his grim Secretary of War, had not. Johnson wished to get rid of Stanton, who refused to resign; so the President sent the name of Stanton's proposed successor to the Senate for confirmation. The Senate rejected the nomination. Then Johnson attempted to cut the Gordian knot by ordering Stanton to turn the Department

The Senator received many long letters of congratulation. To these he would frequently reply by sending to the writer a printed speech and in the lower left-hand corner of the envelope would be written, "Thanks. C. S." But on the other hand he often wrote long letters in reply to short ones, so the balance was even.

Mr. Sumner had a respect approaching veneration for books, and the more of them that were gathered together, the stronger was his feeling. The Congressional library is the largest collection of books in the country. In the early seventies, before the rooms of the Congressional Library had become overcrowded, it was a resort for the beauty and chivalry of the city. Ladies would make appointments to meet in the library, and on the beautiful balcony adjoining it, which overlooked the city, and the main room became a thoroughfare, especially while Congress was in session. To such an extent was this the case that it was not

pleasant in cold weather to be without one's wraps in that room. It was noticed, however, that the Senator invariably, in coming into the library, lifted his hat and remained uncovered while in the room. On being asked if he thought the presence of the few women that were passing through required an act of politeness so dangerous to him in his feeble state, he replied, "No, I didn't think of the ladies. I took off my hat to the books."

Sumner was very careful of the feelings of his personal friends, many of whom disagreed emphatically with him on political subjects. Some of them were not of the same party with himself; some were not of the same wing of the party. After President Grant and his Cabinet became estranged from the Senator, certain of his friends failed to follow him. Among them was the journalist, Major Ben: Perley Poore, who, in his letters and telegrams, took strong ground for the President and against the Senator. The contest at the time was exceedingly bitter, and "Perley's" dispatches reflected the degree of acerbity felt by the President's friends. Sumner's friends were inclined to take issue with the journalist, holding that the tone of his letters was incompatible with his personal relations toward the Senator, and brought them to Sumner's attention. He would hear just enough of them to know what was being spoken of, and then, if the paper had been handed him, would throw it into the waste-basket, exclaiming, "I like him too well to read his letters." He was once asked, "How can you like him, when he speaks of you in such terms?" and his reply was, "I like the person, not the writer. I do my duty as I see it; let him do his as he sees it. Why should we quarrel?"

During the last nine years of Mr. Sumner's service in the Senate, he lived, while at Washington, in his own house, in comparative comfort. For the preceding fourteen years, while at the Capitol, he lived in lodgings consisting of two rooms, one a bedroom and the other a sitting-room and office. As a rule these lodgings were in private houses, and he usually occupied the front and back chambers of the second story. He had his breakfast served to him in his sitting-room by the people of the house. It is said that no man is a hero to his valet, and that a man shows his most selfish and unlovable

side to those who administer to his personal wants; yet all persons, gentle or simple, who came in contact with Mr. Sumner during all his long residence in many houses in Washington, became attached to him more or less warmly, in accordance with the length of their acquaintance. The servants, as such, not only received ample presents, but they were so considerately treated that they became loyal friends; and his landladies spoke of him in the highest terms. The messengers, laborers, porters, drivers, pages, and the other servitors of the Senate, during his first years of service, were all opposed to him politically, but enthusiastically devoted to him personally. Not a man of the many whom I heard speak of him but would have personally interposed to save him from bodily harm, though they would have done what they could to defeat his re-election to the Senate. While Sumner was in the political majority, he was not esteemed more highly by the Senate's people than when he was in the minority and could do nothing for their promotion or even retention in office.

Among Mr. Sumner's servants, the one whom he most highly valued was an elderly Irish woman, Margaret Coleman. She was his housekeeper for the last two years, and is now a historic character.

Prior to entering Mr. Sumner's service, Margaret was of the household of William H. Seward. When, on the 14th of April, 1865, the night of the assassination of President Lincoln, an attempt was made on the life of Mr. Seward, she was one of those in charge of his room, he then being confined to his bed by a fractured jaw and a broken arm, the effects of a fall from his carriage. Payne, the would-be assassin, was met by Mr. Frederick Seward at the head of the stairs. After wounding him severely and leaving him seemingly dead, Payne passed over his body to reach the room of his father. The noise had notified Margaret, who was in her own room on the story above, of Payne's approach and his object. As Payne entered the sick-room, the soldier Robinson, the male nurse, then there, confronted him. Payne struck Robinson to the ground with his knife, and then sprang upon the Secretary. Mr. Seward was in a half-sitting posture, leaning his back against a support placed in the bed for that purpose. Realizing Payne's object, he

pulled the bedclothing over his head for his protection. Payne struck him a number of times. One blow was so well aimed that it passed through the bedclothes through his cheek into his neck on the right side, and another on the left side cut into his neck.

Meantime all this was passing quicker than it can be told. Margaret had sprung upon him from behind, and Robinson had gathered himself up sufficiently to confront the assassin. Major A. H. Seward, Miss Fannie Seward, and some of the servants of the household were now entering the room, and Payne fought his way out from among them. Margaret was struck in the face, apparently by Payne's clinched fist, so that her injured face was discolored for some time, and she was hurled against the door-jamb with such force as to break her collar-bone. Major Seward was slightly cut in several places, but none of the women except Margaret was in any way injured. Payne, after fighting his way out, mounted his horse and escaped for the time. Meantime Secretary Seward had apparently disappeared, and for a moment it was thought that the assassin had thrown him out of the open window. He had, however, rolled himself in his bed clothing, and fallen between the bed and the wall, but was so suspended by the clothing that he had not reached the floor. Margaret pulled him up, unrolled him, now nearly smothered in the blankets and the blood, and assisted in doing what was necessary before she found how much she herself was injured. She recovered, however, sufficiently to continue to act as head nurse to Secretary Seward and to Mr. Frederick Seward. She also took care of Mrs. Seward, who never recovered from the shock of that night, and who died in Margaret's arms; and she also was nurse to Miss Fannie Seward, whom she saw pass away within the year.

When Mr. Fish succeeded Mr. Seward as Secretary of State, he took certain of the Seward servants, who agreed to stay with him until Mrs. Fish brought her own establishment to Washington. So Margaret remained with the new Secretary of State for six months, and then went to Mr. Sumner, with whom she remained until his death. The arrangement was particularly agreeable to those ladies whom Mr. Sumner received, as most of them had been accustomed to her

friendly ministrations when visiting at the Seward and Fish houses.

In addition to her duties as housekeeper for Sumner, Margaret was always ready to go to the kitchen when necessary. The Senator obtained his cooks session by session from his friend Wormley, the hotel-keeper, and quite a procession of them passed through his house. During the various interregnums Margaret reigned supreme, and then it was that Sumner, when asking a friend or two to take pot-luck with him, would say, "I am without a cook, but my good old Margaret is still with me; so you may be sure of such a dish of steak and oysters as only she can cook, and a sound bottle of claret to wash it down with."

When the end came, she, still faithful, remained at her post, caring for everything. The executors recognized this, and at the funeral she took her place with the Senator's household, being escorted to and from her place by one of the Senator's former clerks who happened to be in the city; and in the proceedings in the Senate Chamber she sat with the members of the household next to his private secretary on the same row of seats with President Grant and his Cabinet.

She was considered and treated as a confidential servant by all the Senator's friends. And after Sumner's household affairs were arranged, she received a humble place in the Treasury Department at the instance of Hon. Samuel Hooper, who acted in behalf of the Massachusetts Congressional Delegation in asking her appointment. She was assigned to the Loan Division, and has done good work, and satisfied her chief in all respects. She is so well known that visitors to the Treasury often ask to have her pointed out to them, as she seems to be a connecting link between past and present history.

Mr. Sumner always lived within his income and never incurred a debt that he had not the means of paying at the time it became due. Within his income he was first just, then generous. During his first term in the Senate, he was dependent upon his pay as Senator and a little copyright money for his support, although during a portion of that time he added somewhat to his income by lectures. In his latter days, however, he was rendered some-

what easier in circumstances by a small fortune that came to him from the successive death of several relatives. For much of his life he was a poor man in straitened circumstances, but he would never be obliged to any one for anything but kindness. He would not allow another to pay any expense that he incurred, not even a horse-car fare. While making speeches during the presidential elections he would never allow the Congressman in whose district he spoke, and who was to be most benefited by his efforts, to pay even his railroad fare. He was no gift-taker; he would interchange gifts as well as kind offices with others, but the balance of the obligation always remained on his side. His generosity to the servants of the houses in which he lived was proverbial. Sam Ward said that he lived like a pauper but gave like a king. No one can wonder that the servants even temporarily in his employ were attached to him, when his consideration for, as well as his generosity to, them is fully understood. But withal he kept within his income; barely, it may be, but still within. He was scrupulously conscientious, and never took a doubtful dollar.

He had a love for all that was beautiful, and a taste that was cultivated to the verge of pain—pain because his idea of perfect taste was so often violated. It has been said that he knew more of laces than most ladies. He had acquired this knowledge in his study of engravings and statuary to such an extent that the making of lace was to him one of the fine arts, and hence he studied it as he did ceramics, for which he had a curious fancy. Fine rare old china he could not resist. When choice sets, which he knew and admired and from which he had dined, were thrown on the market, say at the breaking up of the household of a foreign minister, he was as likely to send a bid to the auctioneer for part of the china as for some of the wine. In this way he had acquired from time to time say half a dozen valuable dinner-sets and ever so many rare bits which would excite the admiration and even the cupidity of visitors. After his death the remains of these sets were sold in Boston at auction, piece by piece, at high prices, not only as souvenirs, but as *bric-à-brac*. Dresden, Sèvres, Worcester, Limoges, and the like were well represented among them. He had glass as rare and as beautiful as his china.

Not only the best that could be made in this country, but Bohemian and old Venetian glass was contrasted with French, English, and German. But oh! the breakage, and oh! the annoyance to which he was subjected from time to time as he would attempt to find some rare piece of historic glass or china! Then, too, how he would be mortified by the uses to which even *bric-à-brac* would be put! Once Governor Caleb Lyons, of Lyonsdale, New York, who was quite a virtuoso in china, came in when we were at breakfast, and while sitting near the table, chatting with the Senator, he made a sudden pause, then a dive at a dish of pickled oysters, raised it up so he could see the mark on the bottom, then shot the oysters into an empty plate, and wiping the dish with a napkin, asked in an indignant tone if the Senator had no more respect for such rare and beautiful work than to desecrate it by such base uses, and didn't he know that acid would injure the tone of the glaze? Then the governor fell to work on it with his silk handkerchief, and it seemed to be an anxious moment with the two till it was ascertained that the tone was not dimmed. The Senator explained that the dish, which he admitted was well worth hanging on the wall as he hung others, had got into the kitchen by accident, and then he said reflectively, "I have so many of them," and then, piteously, "and I have so many accidents, too."

The sight of an old, beautiful, and rare vase, especially if it had a history, was fatal to his peace till he got it, or definitely abandoned it. If the price put it beyond his reach, he gave it up at once; otherwise, he had to buy it to get rid of a longing for it. Once in Philadelphia, on his way to deliver a lecture in a suburban town, he saw an old Canton vase at Tindal's, and admired it greatly. The price was such that he promptly decided he could not afford it. But the next day he paid for the vase the check he received for the lecture, and it was among his treasures in Washington to the last. The table with the malachite top which, while in his house, excited so much admiration, stood in Bailey's great shop in Philadelphia tempting him for more than a year, and he finally bought it with the check he received for a lecture.

Many valuable bits of china hung on his

walls like pictures, others stood on shelves and in the chiffoniers, and more than once choice bits were stolen. Some were recovered by the police, to whom the Senator gave no peace till he got them back, and some he abandoned as taken by people with whom his spoons, his watch, his cash would have been safe, but to whom such rarities were too great a temptation. He used to say that collectors had no conscience. He could guess where certain things had gone. It was said that a certain person had won the Senator's friendship by paying his taste the high compliment of stealing from his collection.

His clocks were as curious as his china. In fact, several of them might have been classed as ceramics. There was one, if not two, in each room, and the tall, Louis XIV. thirty-day clock in the hall was so full of machinery that it could do everything but talk. Each of them had a history, or was made valuable by some association more or less subtle. He had come by them much as he had by his paintings, his china, and his wine. He never could make them keep time alike or strike simultaneously, and his fruitless efforts to do so used to remind him of the French monarch who would ask, "If I can not govern my clocks, how can I ever govern my people?"

While Mr. Sumner was very careful of his baggage in traveling, and often saw it stowed in the baggage-car himself, he was either quite careless or very unlucky as to his pocket-book. Possi-

Philadelphia
at Mr. Furness's -

My dear Johnson

The road between
Washington & Phila. seems
unfenced & true. Again
I have lost my pocket-
book, containing some
\$80 in American gold
& 3 or 4 English sov-
ereigns - & the large
draft for about \$1800

I said that I had
lost my pocket-book.
All I know is that on
reaching here it was
gone. My idea is
that it was stolen

Ever yours,
Charles Sumner

bly his well-known face and figure made him a shining mark for thieves. Be that as it may, he was so often plundered by pickpockets between Washington and Boston that I was apt to be anxious until I learned affirmatively that he had reached home in safety. The accompanying letter will show how hard he was hit on one occasion. It was written on Dec. 20 or 21, 1859, from the house of a merchant, the brother of the eminent Unitarian divine of the same name, with both of whom he was quite intimate.

His wines were curious and valuable. Most of them had been accumulated at sales made by foreign ministers when breaking up their households to return from Washington to their own countries, or at sales made by those whose knowledge and taste had enabled them to have the best. Among them were three bottles, each having hung on its neck in the Senator's handwriting the following: "Malaga, 300 years old." These were reserved from the sale and sent to his invalid sister, Mrs. Hastings, in California.

His teas he had accumulated somewhat in the same way. He would order through his friends in the East India trade the smallest possible original packages of kinds not known to commerce, the difficulty of getting which was far beyond their cost; and traveling friends in the diplomatic service would send him little packets of the rare and strange teas that they found abroad. At the famous dinners he gave the Joint High Commission, he served them with the famous Mandarin tea, which, like the wine of Tokay, is regarded as an imperial present. The Countess de Grey recognized it. She had tasted it in Buckingham Palace when the Queen entertained royal personages. It had been brought to Mr. Sumner by Mr. Fox, Assistant-Secretary of the Navy, who obtained it in Russia when he visited that country with our fleet of iron-clads.

Mr. Sumner was a man of simple tastes. When he dined alone and knew that he was to have no company, but one dish was served, and that was often a porterhouse steak dressed with oysters. This, with bread and butter and a glass of claret, composed his solitary dinner. Occasionally he would treat himself to a dinner of corned beef and cabbage, if he was sure there would be time enough before the arrival of visitors to disin-

fect his house of the scent. His breakfast, when alone, would be without meat or fish, and would consist of tea, toast, eggs, fruit, and some sort of pancakes and butter; but the tea would be selected as carefully for the breakfast as the wine would be for the dinner. He would brew it himself with great care. He took the tea from the tea-caddy himself, placed it dry in a cup, which had previously been heated by filling with boiling water from the urn; a teaspoon, which stood in the cup when the boiling water was poured in, remained in the cup; then boiling water was drawn from the urn on to the tea; a saucer was inverted over the top, and after it had stood for several minutes it was considered ready for drinking. Once when I was breakfasting with him, he asked my opinion of the particular tea he had given me, and he was disappointed in my answer. He seemed surprised as well, and tasted the tea from his own cup, snuffing its aroma. Then dipping a teaspoon in hot water, he tasted the mixture in my cup and inhaled its perfume. This seemed to solve the riddle. "Why," said he, "I must have given you a cold spoon; that spoon in your cup carried off the flavor. Throw out those slops and let me give you a fresh cup."

Count Adam de Gurowski, of Poland, was a learned, brave man, who staked his all in his country's cause, lost, and escaped with his life only to find an asylum here, where he lived and died a lover of liberty, barely maintaining his independence and himself by his work as writer, translator, clerk, or what not, and possibly leaving barely enough to pay his funeral expenses. He was much respected for his great learning, his sturdy good sense, his independence of everybody and everything, and above all, for his absolute loyalty to liberty. But he was feared for his caustic tongue, and he was dreaded for his dogmatism, so as years went by he was avoided by those who liked him in the abstract. Sumner, however, stood by him stoutly, and the old Count, who loved the Senator as a son, treated him as if he was his father. I don't wish to speak disrespectfully of the Count, and I only speak of him at all to show the sweetness of the Senator's disposition. I have heard the Count take the Senator soundly to task for what he styled omission to act promptly, in the words and manner of one vastly superior, and Sum-

ner would take it with a deprecatory "O come now," or "Not quite that bad, I hope," and soothe or smooth the old lion into a grumbling quietude. When the storm was too hard, or, as was more frequently the case, too long continued to be borne, Sumner would leave the Count in possession of his rooms, saying something about an engagement, and do his work elsewhere. When friends would beg Sumner to put an end to what they styled this nuisance, he would say, "But the old Count means well; it is his devotion to the cause;" and when the Count was remonstrated with, he would reply, "Let Charles tell me to go, if he wants me no more, but I'll do my duty by him while I may." And so it continued until the Count gave the Senator fair warning that he would no longer be responsible for him unless —, and so

they parted. The relations between the Polish Bear, as some called him, and the Senator were a source of much curious amusement and some anxiety to many. But to the Senator the estrangement when it occurred, while a relief in some points, was an annoyance in others, and when the two men came together again, the reconciliation gave Sumner positive pleasure, especially as the Count then gave in his adhesion to the Senator's policy, and admitted that he himself "had been hasty, perhaps too hasty." The Count at this time held a small place in the State Department, from which he derived his very modest livelihood, but his virulent criticisms of the administration, especially in his published Diary, kept him in constant peril, and Sumner in constant action to save him from dismissal.

THE WHITE MOSS ROSE.

BY W. H. ALLEN.

O, SHE was in bloom and it was in bud—

The rose in bower so green :

The one was the flower of womanhood,

The other, of flowers the queen.

The white moss rose, the sweet moss rose,

The rose that was modest and fair ;

And her touch that was light as the falling snows,

When she plucked it for me to wear !

The moon was high, that night, that night,

And it smiled right tenderly ;

But the smile in her eyes was as tender and bright

As the smile of the moon could be.

She kissed the half-opened petals oft,

And, "Take it," she said, "from me ;

And whenever the moon is tender and soft,

Remember the moss-rose tree !"

The mists came up to greet the full moon,

While I pressed to my heart the rose,

And they wound a silver-gray festoon

O'er the place where the rose tree grows.

The maiden and I were in the mist—

Half hid from the full moon's ray—

And naught but the roses saw nor wist

Our vows ere I came away.

O, the white moss rose, the sweet moss rose,—

Its fairness withered too soon ;

But I'll never forget until death's repose,

That glamorous night in June !

THE RIVAL ORIOLES.

BY OLIVE THORNE MILLER

IF, as Ruskin says, "The bird is little more than a drift of the air, brought into form by plumes," the particular bit shaped into the form we call the orchard oriole must be a breath from a Western tornado, for a more hot-headed, blustering individual would be hard to find; and when this embodied hurricane, this "drift" of an all-destroying tempest goes a-wooing, strange indeed are the ways he takes to win his mate, and stranger still the fact that he does win her in spite of his violence.

In a certain neighborhood where I spent some time in the nesting season, studying a bird of vastly different character, orchard orioles were numerous, and in their usual fashion made their presence known by persistent singing around the house. For it must be admitted, whatever their defects of temper or manners, that they are most cheerful in song, the female no less than the male. First of the early morning bird chorus comes their song, loud, rich and oft-repeated, though marred in the case of the male by the constant interpolation of harsh, scolding notes. Anywhere, everywhere, all day, in pouring rain, in high wind that silences nearly every bird voice, the orioles sing. One could not overlook them if he wished, so noisy, so restless, and so musical. Nor do they care to be unseen; they make no attempt at concealment. No oriole ever steals into a neighborhood in the quiet way of the cat-bird, silently taking an observation of its inhabitants before making himself obvious; on the contrary, all his deeds are before the public, even his family quarrels. He comes to a tree with a bustle, talking, scolding, making himself and his affairs the most conspicuous things in the neighborhood.

Many times he is most annoying. When following some shy bird to its nest or moving down toward the grove where are the brooklet and the birds' bathing place, no matter how quietly one may approach, footsteps deadened by thick sand and no rustling garments to betray, the orchard oriole is sure to know it. He is not the only bird to see a stranger, of course; the brown thrush is as

quick as he, but he silently drops to the ground, if not already there, and disappears without a sound; the cardinal grosbeak slips down from his perch on the farther side and takes wing near the ground; the cat-bird, noiseless as a shadow in the center of a thick shrub, flutters across the path and is gone; others do the same. The orchard oriole alone shouts the news to all whom it may concern in his loudest "chack! chack!" putting every one on his guard at once, and making the copse in a moment as empty as though no wing ever stirred its leaves.

On first noticing the ways of the birds about me on the occasion mentioned, I saw that there was some sort of a disturbance among them; scarcely ten minutes passed without a commotion, followed by a chase through the branches of a tree, one bird pursuing another so hotly that twigs bent and leaves parted as they passed, the one in advance often uttering a complaining cry, and the pursuer a loud, harsh scold. Something exciting was evidently going on; some tragedy, or possibly comedy, in this extremely sensational family. I was at once interested to see what it might be and how it would end; and, in fact, before I knew it, I was as much absorbed in oriole matters as though no other feathered life was to be seen.

There were in the party two males, one in his second year, and therefore immature in coloring, being olive yellow on the breast, brown on wings and tail, with a black mask over eyes and chin; the other was older, and a model of oriole beauty, being bright chestnut on the lower parts, with velvety black hood coming down on the breast. With them was one female, and though far from being friends, the three were never separated. The trouble seemed to be that both males were suitors, and notwithstanding the pretty little maid appeared to have a mind of her own and to prefer the younger of her wooers, the older plainly refused "to take no for an answer," and was determined to have his own way, bringing to bear on his courtship all the persistence of his race. And in that particular quality of never giving up what

he has set his heart on, the oriole can not be excelled, if indeed he can be equaled in the bird world; for the time, and a long time, too, he is a bird of one idea, and by fair means or foul he will almost certainly accomplish his desire, whatever it may be.

Life never grew dull in the party mentioned; they were always talking, singing, or going for each other in the mad way already described. Sometimes the chase was between the males, but oftener the female flew for her life apparently, while the rough wooer followed closely with great noise and confusion. The affair ended occasionally with a cry of distress as though somebody was pecked, but on several occasions she stood at bay and defied him with mouth open, feathers bristled up, wings fluttering, and every way quite ready to defend herself. Like other blustersers, on the first show of fight he calmed down, and the matter ended for the time. Peace lasted from ten to twenty minutes, during which they hopped about the tree, or hung head-downward on the Spanish moss, talking in low tones, though the male never omitted delivering a scolding note with every two or three pleasant ones. Her voice was charming, in a tender call, a gentle chatter, or a sweet song, unspoiled by the harsh tones of her partner. She was also a very pretty bird, bright yellow below, olive yellow on the back, no black about the face, and legs and feet blue as the sky, and she was as graceful as she was beautiful.

Repose of manner was unknown to the orchard orioles. One was scarcely ever seen sitting or standing still. The song was given while moving, either flying or hopping about on the tree. If one did pause while it was uttered, the body jerked, and the head turned this way and that, as though he really was too restless to be perfectly quiet for a moment.

The most tempestuous times were when the younger suitor put himself forward and persuaded the fair yellow damsel to show him some slight preference. The venerable lover was not slow to resent this, and to fall like a hurricane upon the pretender, who disappeared like a dead leaf before the blast, and so quickly that he could not be followed—at least by anything less rapid than wings. Once, however, I saw a curious affair between the two suitors which was plainly a war-dance. It followed closely upon one of

the usual flurries, conducted with perhaps louder cries and more vehemence than common, and began by both birds alighting on the grass about a foot apart, and so absorbed in each other as to be utterly oblivious of a spectator within ten feet of them on the balcony. No tiger out of the jungle could hold more rage and fury than animated those feathered atoms, bristled up even to the heads, which looked as if covered with velvet caps. They paused an instant, then crouched, jerked their tails, "teetered" and posed in several attitudes, ending each new movement with a solemn bow, perhaps equivalent to a hand-shake among larger fighters. What one did the other exactly copied, and both seemed to be trying to get one side of the opponent, so as to secure some advantage. To prevent this, each kept his face to the foe, and moved as he moved. Thus they passed down one side, then back, down the other and return, neither able to get the slightest superiority of position. It was extremely grotesque, and was continued several minutes, while I eagerly watched to see what would happen next. What did happen was entirely unexpected, a unique anti-climax, quite worthy of the undignified character of the bird. On a sudden, as by one consent, both flew opposite ways; both alighted in low trees about thirty feet apart, and each one sang a loud joyous song, as of victory!

In this turbulent way life went on for two or three weeks; I could not tell how long, for it was in full progress when I came. There was always a vulgar broil, often a furious encounter, stopping just short of coming to blows, and it seemed really doubtful if the orioles would succeed in settling their matrimonial affairs before summer. The third member of the belligerent party, the demure little object of all this agitation, was meekness and gentleness itself, never aggressive, but always flying before the furious onslaught of her would-be spouse. Why then did she not select her mate and thus end the trouble, which, according to the books, it must do?

Turning away from the more conspicuous males with their endless contests, and watching her closely, I saw that she was trying her best to do so. She plainly preferred the younger and less quarrelsome suitor, and often followed him off, bringing down upon herself in consequence the wrath of the elder, and

instant pursuit which ended in the disappearance of her chosen hero, and a forced endurance of the tyrant's presence, till it appeared that she would have to "marry him to get rid of him," as our plain-spoken grandmothers characterized a similar situation in human affairs.

When these birds could spare time from their own absorbing matters, they were very inquisitive in the affairs of their neighbors. After the mocking-bird babies were out, the orioles often visited them, while the parents were absent, for no reason that I could discover but to see what they were like, and how they got on, for nothing about them was disturbed. If, however, an oriole was found by one of the old mocking-birds perched on the edge of the nest, he was driven away with a piece of mocking-bird mind on the subject of meddlers. Likewise they frequently paid visits to a nuthatch colony at the top of a tall pine tree. Whether more aggressive among these smaller birds, or not, could not be seen. But the facts were that upon an oriole's disappearing through those heavy pine branches away above our heads, there instantly arose a great outcry in the querulous nuthatch voice, and the intruder returned to the lower world with some precipitation, while gentle, complaining sounds came from the invaded territory for some time. So, too, in different degree the birds showed interest in me, peering down between the leaves of the tree in which they spent most of their time, and making remarks or expressing opinions, climbing—which they literally did—to the end of a twig, stretching up tall to look over the top and stare at me, or when flying slowly past, hovering a moment just in front of me with perfect fearlessness and earnest attention to my pursuits.

At length the crisis in the oriole matters came, as come it must, and not long after the war-dance that has been described. The season was advanced and nesting time already begun. In fact, it was ended in several families; mocking-birds were about ready to fly, young chipping sparrows peeped from every tuft of grass, young bluebirds were trying their wings at their doors, the yellow-throated warbler was stuffing her youngsters on the next tree, and the late kingbirds had nearly finished the nests. Whether a pitched battle at last settled the dispute, whether the modest little dame

united with her chosen mate against the common enemy, or whether perchance—though this is not likely—the elder bird tired of his useless warfare, will never be known, for the whole matter was settled before we mortals were out of bed, in the magic morning hours when so many interesting things go on in bird and beast life. When I came out, I saw at once that a decision had been reached. The younger bird had won his bride, and with much talk and love-making the happy pair were busying themselves about a building spot. This first day of their honeymoon was not, however, very peaceful; old troubles are not so soon forgotten, and the discarded suitor found it hard to believe that the repulse was final and he really should not have his own way. He frequently made his appearance in the old scenes, making himself agreeable in the usual way; but the newly wedded were now a pair, and when both flung themselves upon him he recognized at last the inevitable, no longer resented it, and left them in peace.

With much talk and discussion the tree that had been the scene of the stormy wooing was selected for the homestead, and the young wife at once set to work upon the foundation, while her spouse in his new rôle of lord and master stood on a higher twig and gave his opinions; much advice, no doubt, and plenty of instruction. I doubt his mastery, however, for I noticed that though meek, madame had a mind of her own and an orchard oriole's persistence in carrying out her plans. He talked, it is true, blustered and strutted around, but she worked quietly, steadily, and in a business-like way, utterly oblivious of him.

During this day, too, even this first day, not five hours after he had tried to coax the bride away, the elderly suitor came back from some unknown quarter, with a brand-new wife of his own; precipitation worthy alone of the vulgar house-sparrow of our city streets, which these birds also resemble in their constant broils. That naturally put a complete end to further dispute over sweet-hearts; but they could not change their nature, and I observed that each young husband had a vast amount of fault to find, much scolding and grumbling. Happily it did not seem to disconcert the little wives: they sang as sweetly, and worked as steadily as though they were used to it, and ex-

pected nothing better, which was well for them.

The elder oriole and his mate soon settled in another place, and I saw them no more, but I was sorry to see upon what tree the young pair decided to build, for a kingbird had an unfinished nest in one of the lower branches, and two families so aggressive would make a lively neighborhood no doubt. Hostilities began indeed on the first day. Watching the oriole at her building I caught the pretty innocent-looking creature stealing material from the kingbird's nest, while her virtuous spouse perched himself on the upper branch of the tree, exactly as if on the watch for returning owners. In a low tone he talked to her as she entered the uncompleted nest, worked busily a moment, then appeared on the edge with a soft white feather, gathered it into a convenient shape, and flew with it in her beak to the upper branch. Twice afterward I saw that performance repeated, and each time it was a white feather taken. On one occasion the kingbird was at home. There was a sharp cry of distress, a bustle, and in a moment

Madame Oriole flew off with a feather, while the outraged owner stood on a neighboring branch and uttered two or three plaintive cries. Considering the size and the belligerent nature of the kingbird, I was astonished, but exactly thus it happened.

I greatly wished to stay and see the result, for I had confidence enough in the bravery of the kingbirds to be sure that the end was not yet. Also, I longed to watch the restless pair whose ups and downs I had found so interesting. I should like to see the orchard oriole in the rôle of father; a terribly fussy one he would be without doubt. Above all, I most desired to see the infant orioles, to know if they begin their quarrels in their narrow cradle, and if their first note is a scold. But the troubles of this courtship had, like the wars of Augustus and Arabella in a three-volume novel, consumed so much time that there was none left for post-nuptial chronicles, and I was obliged to leave them with a neighborhood quarrel on hand which promised full employment for the head of the family while his little mate was sitting.

A FRENCH MARRIAGE

BY LUDOVIC HALÉVY.

PARIS, *November 25, 1882, 4 P.M.*—This morning, at ten, I was about attacking Sonata, No. 25, by Beethoven, when the door opened. It was mamma. Mamma awake, mamma up at ten o'clock! And not only awake, not only up, but dressed, with a cloak on her shoulders and a hat on her head.

I don't remember ever having seen mamma up at such an hour. She can never manage to get to Saint Clothilde on Sundays before the one o'clock mass is half over, and the other evening she said to that worthy Abbé Pontal, laughingly,

"Our dear religion, Monsieur l'Abbé, would be perfection itself if you could appoint a mass for two o'clock. They could postpone the concerts at the Conservatoire an hour. That would make our winter Sundays simply delicious."

At mamma's entrance I cried out in amazement: "Going out, mamma?"

"No, I just came in."

"Just came in?"

"Yes, I had an errand to do this morning—some wools to match for my embroidery. That blue, you know, I can't find anywhere."

"But you did find it?"

"No—no—but they promised to look for it—I am in hopes—to-morrow, or the day after to-morrow, at the latest—they are to send it."

Thus mamma gets all twisted up in her discourse, and after several laborious and complicated circumlocutions, she concludes by informing me that we are going this evening to the Mercereys; that they are to have a little music; that she had known about it three days ago, but had forgotten to mention it.

I made no sign of surprise, but listened calmly to mamma, watching her attentively while I said to myself:

"What is it all about? This early promenade, this wool-matching, this musical

soirée at the Mercereys. Mamma is evidently taking leave of her senses."

However, I allowed her to take leave of them without a word. Her allocution ended, mamma made a make-believe exit, such as they practice on the stage, then returned and said, with affected indifference: "What dress shall you wear this evening?"

"This evening, mamma? Why, I don't know—my gray one—or my blue one—or my pink one—or—"

"No, no, not your pink one. Wear your blue one. You were charming the day before yesterday at your Aunt Clarissa's in your blue one. And, besides, your papa doesn't like the pink one, and he is going with us to the Mercereys."

"Papa going to the Mercereys?"

"Why, yes!"

"And he knows that there is to be music?"

"He knows it."

"He knows it; and still he is going?"

"Yes; what is there wonderful in that?"

"Oh, nothing at all, mamma; nothing at all."

Thereupon mamma went away; this time for good. I am left alone. Then, without a moment's hesitation, I say to myself:

"It's about marriage. I am to be shown to some one, and it is on that account that papa is obliged to go."

Papa, poor papa, allowing himself to be dragged by mamma to a *soirée* where there's to be music. It's equivalent to turning the world upside down. Papa can only tolerate three things in the evening—the club, the opera while the ballet is going on, and the minor theaters; the theaters where people laugh and amuse themselves; the theaters where we young girls can not go; the theaters where I shall pass my life after I'm married.

Yes, there's to be an interview, I'm sure of it. It must be something extraordinary, very extraordinary, for since this morning mamma has been in *such* a state! She hasn't had any breakfast; she can't be contented in any one place, and she has written to Mme. Loisel to beg her to come herself to dress my hair this evening. She has carefully inspected my blue dress, and she looks at me and examines me with the most minute attention. She was plunged into the deepest despair on discovering that there was something wrong in my incomparable person:

"What is that?" she exclaimed.

"What, mamma?"

"On the end of your nose?"

"Is there anything on the end of my nose?"

"Yes, a horrid gash."

"Oh! *mon Dieu!*"

Dreadfully frightened, I ran to the glass; it was nothing at all. A slight scratch from Bob's paw, a tiny pink mark, already nearly effaced. It won't be seen to-night.

This little pink mark assumes, in mamma's eyes, the proportions of a hideous wound. Never has the end of my nose been the object of such touching solicitude. Mamma has made me pass half the day motionless in an easy chair, with water compresses placed, like a pair of spectacles, on said end of said nose.

Poor mamma, she is so anxious to see me married; and no wonder! She has been very beautiful, has mamma, and still looks remarkably well in the evening by artificial light. Under the circumstances, she doesn't care to have a great scrawny girl, old enough to be married, trailing about after her in society.

I am quite annoyed myself, as I feel I am growing old; so as soon as we arrive anywhere in the evening, I immediately slip away and manage to meet her as seldom as possible. We carry out our little schemes, without interfering with each other, and each in her own way.

She is a good mamma. There are bad mothers who drive their daughters about and order them to marry blindfolded, at five minutes' notice. Mamma is not that kind.

She knows that I am resolved not to decide hastily. Marriage is no laughing matter. If one makes a mistake, it is made for life. Thus it is worth the trouble of thinking about. I wish to make a sensible match. It is not necessary to fall desperately in love with a dark or light gentleman at first sight, and to say to one's mother on coming home in the evening: "Mamma, that's the one I love." "Mamma, that's the one I want."

No, it's not necessary to deceive one's self like this. I shall not deceive myself.

Last spring I refused no less than five eligible suitors, eligible, but who did not combine all the advantages of birth, fortune, and position that I consider I have a right to expect.

During this winter's campaign, I shall exhibit the same calmness, the same prudence. I am not yet twenty. I can wait.

Besides, I am satisfied, very well satisfied, with my conduct this morning. I have not been won over by mamma's agitation, and to-day as usual I am tranquilly, coolly writing up my journal.

The day I was eighteen I wrote on the first page of this book—kept under strict lock and key—these simple words:

"MY MARRIAGE."

And already five have bitten the dust. This evening, I am sure of it, the sixth candidate will have his turn. Is it his destiny to become my humble and very obedient lord and master? Let him prepare, in any event, to pass a most severe and minute examination. I'm not like mamma. I don't lose my head.

November 26, 4 P. M.—I was not mistaken; it was the sixth.

But let me proceed in order, and note regularly the great and little events of yesterday's *soirée*.

After dinner, we went upstairs to dress, mamma and I. I devoted considerable time and care to the task. I must confess that I took unusual pains. At any rate, I didn't go down for an hour and a half. On reaching the foot of the stairs, I found all the doors open, and while I was noiselessly making my way toward the small salon, I heard papa saying to mamma:

"Then you believe that it's necessary?"

"Absolutely necessary. Reflect on it; your presence is indispensable."

The temptation was too great. I stopped; I listened. Did I not have a right to do so? Was ever indiscretion more pardonable?

"Why indispensable?" answered papa. "I know the young man. I have frequently met him at the club; I have even played whist with him. He doesn't play badly. He saw Irène on horseback yesterday, and he thought her charming. It's quite satisfactory; but what have I to do with it? It's your affair—yours and Irène's."

"*Mon ami*, I assure you that it is strictly *en règle*—"

"Well! well! I'll go. I'll go!"

Then silence; nothing more. I waited to hear the name; no name. My heart throbbed a little; and as I was rather tightly laced—

quite so, in fact—I could hear it go "tic-tac, tic-tac" against my corsage. I remain there a few moments. As the conversation was not intended for my ear, I ought not to seem to have overheard it.

I knew one thing, however, and that was very important. He belonged to the Jockey Club, and it was precisely this that I had insisted on. It's papa's fault that I attach so much importance to it. So far as he is concerned, if any one doesn't belong to the Jockey there is no such person. Papa's world begins with those who belong to the Jockey, and ends with those who do not. I have been educated in these ideas, so my husband shall belong to the Jockey.

We all three start in the landau, papa gloomy, depressed, and silent; mamma still excited; I apparently impassive, but really anxious.

Why this mystery? The gentleman had seen me the day before on horseback. It was very good of him to admit that I was charming. Was it he who asked to see me by gaslight and *décolletée*?

All this seemed to me not in good form. He should have been submitted to me for examination, this young man, before being allowed to criticise so freely my person on foot and on horseback.

We reached the Mercereys at half-past ten. Alas! poor papa, it was indeed a *soirée musicale*, as classic and as difficult as possible for those to sit through who are unaccustomed to that form of amusement. A quartet, with all that the name implies!

Very few people—not more than twenty. A droll kind of a *soirée* that betrayed the haste in which it had been gotten up—a little *bric-à-brac fête* with neither *esprit de corps* nor *ensemble*. The guests were unacquainted, nay, they were absolutely indifferent to one another—the Mercereys physician, their architect, their notary, all evidently invited to help furnish the rooms, to fill up.

It is anything but an easy matter to arrange just the right sort of thing in the month of November. There are so few in Paris, one is obliged to be satisfied for small parties with people one would scarcely meet at grand entertainments in the height of the season, say, in the month of May.

We arrived in the middle of the *andante* of a sonata, and managed to creep in cautiously

without exciting general remark. I took possession of a corner, and rapidly surveyed the field of battle. Here and there old and middle-aged people, stale, used-up, plumeless heroes. Nothing for me.

But stay; in the opposite corner I note a group of four young men, all four unknown to me. It does not admit of a doubt; the enemy is there!

Yes, but which is he? I go through the following process of reasoning, which strikes me as admirable in its simplicity: "It's the one who watches me the most closely."

I modestly look down and assume the attitude of a very good little young lady entirely absorbed in the austere pleasure of listening to one of Haydn's sonatas.

Then I suddenly look up, and my glance falls directly on the youthful group. But I am obliged to look down again more rapidly than I looked up. All four are looking at me with evident curiosity and pleasure. I allow a little of the sonata to intervene and then repeat the experiment. The same result. The four pair of eyes are still fixed on me, and the same thing happens several times.

In my opinion I was not unworthy this attention. I looked well, very well. The country has been a great success this year. It has fleshed me up a little, not too much, just enough. Virginie, my maid, said to me last evening as she was dressing me:

"Ah! Mademoiselle doesn't know how much she has gained this summer!"

But Virginie was mistaken. "Mademoiselle" was quite well aware of it. One always is the first to notice these things.

End of the quartet, followed by some confusion. I lead mamma a little aside and say to her: "Mamma, I beg of you, point him out to me."

"So you've guessed, you little humbug."

"Yes, yes; I've guessed; but point him out quick, quick; the music is going to begin again."

"Well! it's the tall, dark one on the left, under the Meissonier; don't look, he's looking at you."

"And he's not the only one; they're all doing that—all—all."

"He isn't looking now, see; he's going up to your father; he's speaking to him."

"He's not bad looking."

"Not at all."

"The mouth is a little too large."

"I don't—"

"Oh, yes, it is, mamma; but the *ensemble* may be tolerated."

"Ah! if you knew. Birth, fortune, everything one can wish. Such an extraordinary opportunity."

"And his name?"

"The Comte de Martelle-Simieuse. Don't look any more. He's watching you again. Yes, he's a Martelle-Simieuse, and the Martelle-Simieuses are cousins of the Landry-Simieuses and of the Martelle-Jonzacs. Now, you see the Martelle-Simieuses—"

One of the musicians here knocked "toc-toc" on his little stand, which cut short mamma's torrent of eloquence. We sit down. It is Mozart now. I retire to my corner again and plunge into deep reflection.

Comtesse de Martelle-Simieuse! Two names. It has always been a dream of mine to have two names. I should have preferred to be a duchess, naturally; but there are so few dukes—that is, real dukes, incontestable dukes, only twenty-two, I believe—that it is like hoping against hope. A countess, then, be it! Comtesse de Martelle-Simieuse! There is style about the name. I repeat it over to myself. I don't hear a note of the Mozart quartet. Is it really Mozart that the two violins, the alto and the bass, are playing? The four instruments are singing me a song the refrain of which is:

"Madame the Comtesse de Martelle-Simieuse."

The name—a matter of such importance—the name sounds well with the title. For it is with the title as with the Jockey. I must have a title. To become a simple bourgeoisie—never! Not for a fortune like those in the "Thousand and One Nights," Comtesse de Martelle-Simieuse. Yes, the name is decidedly acceptable.

The hum of conversation again after the quartet. Papa goes toward mamma, and I follow his example. Scarcely have we reached her when mamma, still more excited, exclaims:

"Things are progressing with lightning-like rapidity. He has asked to be presented to me, and your father noticed that his voice trembled. Didn't it, *mon ami*?"

"Yes," replies papa, "his voice trembled."

"Your father is going to bring him here. If he is displeasing to you, you need not

remain by me. If he is not displeasing, stay."

"I will stay, mamma, but it is understood that you are to allow me time for consideration. You've promised not to hurry me."

"You shall always be entirely free, but let me assure you that it is no common match. If you knew his relatives, the relationship with different families! His mother was a Précigny-Laroche. Do you understand? a Précigny-Laroche."

"Yes, mamma, I understand."

"And there is nothing higher than the Précigny-Laroche—nothing!"

"Be calm, mamma, be calm; they are looking at us."

Papa has gone to find him. He brings him up, and then, between two *morceaux*, we four have a bit of conversation.

He was, indeed, evidently disconcerted. He who at a distance had courage enough to look at me boldly, had none at all when standing near me. It was I who directed the interview, and with rare skill, since amid the usual commonplaces of a fashionable conversation, I managed in ten minutes to learn what it was important for me to know before I permitted the affair to go any farther.

He loves Paris above everything; just like me! He is bored in the country; just like me! He finds Trouville amusing; again like me. He has no taste for gunning—gunning, which makes martyrs of us women; gunning, which robs us of our husbands and their friends the entire day and returns them to us at night worn out, used up, and brutalized.

On the other hand, he adores horses and hunting; still like me! Ah! hunting is a quite different affair. We can share it. How many times I have said to myself: "My husband shall have a hunting establishment."

And he has one—for boar-hunting. He is the lessee of a State forest ten leagues from Paris. One can leave at half-past eight in the morning by that most convenient of stations, the Gare du Nord, be on horseback at ten-thirty, and, except in the case of very difficult and very long hunts, be back in Paris in time for the theater or a ball.

Nor is this all. He is perfectly free as to his time, his person, and his fortune. No father and no mother; nothing but a brother

younger than himself; a one-year volunteer in an artillery regiment; and an aunt, very rich, very old, and childless. He is therefore the head of the family.

Martelle-Simieuse is his. It is an estate somewhere in Vendée. Of course it is understood that I have no intention of burying myself in Vendée for six or eight months of the year. But one must have an estate, and La Vendée suits me very well. Nothing sounds better than to have it said that one has a place in La Vendée.

I learned all this in the short space of ten minutes, or perhaps fifteen. Since Mme. de Mercerey, seeing us all four engaged in a serious conversation; "all four," let me rather say all three, for papa didn't say anything; I might even say "all two," for mamma didn't say much either; so Mme. de Mercerey (what an involved sentence! I shall never finish it) managed to prolong the *entr'acte* between the two quartets.

And all this information I obtained in the easiest, most natural manner possible; by a certain turn given to the conversation, and without putting a single question.

Mamma told me this morning that I was frightfully calm and precise with it all. Yes, that's the practical side of my character! I insist on surrounding my life with certain unassailable conditions of independence and security. No happiness without them, no love—nothing!

As, for example, no—mother-in-law! I don't know what I would not give to be secure from a mother-in-law. No pulling this way and that, no unseemly contests. One has one's home entirely to one's self—beginning with one's husband.

That is the reason I wouldn't have the little Marquis de Marillac last spring—one of the five. Still he was nice, and funny, and lively. And how I could have loved him—in fact, I had already begun; but I saw his mother and—stopped short.

A terrible, rigid, lugubrious mother, atrociously pious, who expected her daughter-in-law to bury herself with her for eight months of the year in some remote corner of Brittany. I know it was to economize; but what slavery! On the very day after marriage, when one has scarcely ceased being a young girl, to be consigned again to thralldom. What would be the use of getting married under such circumstances?

Let me see, where was I? I'm sure I don't know in the least. Oh! I remember. The music is beginning again. It's the last piece. We sit down in a line in the following order: I, mamma, papa, and he. It was hardly an hour since I had seen him for the first time, and we already looked quite like a little family group, the four of us, sitting hum-drum in our chairs.

They were playing a series of short waltzes by Beethoven, with intervals of a minute between each waltz. During interval No. 1, mamma said to me: "Well, now you have seen him and spoken to him—your impression?"

"The same, mamma."

"Good?"

"Not bad."

"Then your father may invite him to dinner?"

"Oh, mamma, that would be going too fast."

"We are obliged to go fast."

"Why, mamma?"

"Hush! they are going to begin again."

I was a good deal puzzled. What was the necessity of going fast? I was shocked. It seemed as though they were throwing me at the gentleman's head. I was in a hurry to know why. That short waltz seemed endless to me. At last, thank heaven, came the second interval. I go on:

"Mamma, tell me——"

"I can not explain anything now. It would take too long. I will tell you everything directly—at home. But the invitation must be given this evening. There is not a moment to lose. Shall it be given? Yes, or no."

"You see, mamma, you are hurrying me."

"I am not hurrying you; you can refuse."

"Well! so be it."

"The dinner—Thursday?"

"All right—Thursday."

Between the third and fourth waltz, mamma said quickly to papa:

"Invite him to dinner."

"For what day?"

"Thursday."

"Very well."

Papa—I had never before seen him in the part of the responsible head of the family—papa furnished an admirable example of docility and resignation. It is true

that, overwhelmed by the weight of the music, he did not seem quite conscious of what he did, so I was a little anxious and said to myself: "He'll make a mess of it and invite some one else." But no, he phrased his little invitation quite correctly; it was accepted with enthusiasm.

We started for home at midnight, and had hardly got outside the door when I exclaimed: "Mamma, I see you are burning to have me agree to this marriage."

"Oh! as to that—yes."

"Well, then, tell me——"

"Give me time to breathe; I'm quite exhausted. You shall know all as soon as we reach home."

An hour later, I did know all. It's the most extraordinary story in the world. Yesterday morning, at eight o'clock, the servant awoke mamma to give her this note from Mme. de Mercerey. It was marked "Very important."

"I've a headache and can not go out. Come—come at once. Irène's happiness is involved."

Mamma rises and goes.

But—"to be continued in our next." Eight o'clock and one must dine."

November 27.—Then mamma runs to Mme. de Mercerey's, and this is what she learns:

The two Martelle-Simieuses—Adrien, the elder—that's mine—and the other one, Paul, the one-year volunteer, lost their paternal grandmother ten years ago, a worthy woman, very rich and a trifle peculiar, who had only one wish—to secure the perpetuity of her family. It seemed to her that the world would come to an end if the Martelle-Simieuses should die out. She was no fool, and so inserted a very ingenious clause in her will. She put aside a million from the rest of her fortune, which, with accumulated interest, was to go to her grandson, Adrien, if he married before he was twenty-five. In case he failed to comply with this condition, the million was to go to Paul, with the same restriction. If both grandchildren should prove obstinate, the million, with its accumulations, belonged to the poor.

But grandmamma's Whim to-day reaches the highly respectable figure of one million five hundred thousand francs. The said Adrien had no inclination for marriage, being infatuated with hunting, horses, and

racing, a sporting man in every acceptation of the term. He was, besides, thoroughly independent.

"I shall not marry," he said; "I have one hundred and eighty thousand livres' income, and that's enough. With this and a little economy, I can pull through."

In short he saw the 10th of January approach with perfect calmness; on that day he would be twenty-five; but he did not count on the march of events.

There was, toward the close of last year, in our social circle, a great speculative movement, a sort of financial crusade against the infidels. Adrien threw himself into it, less out of cold-blooded calculation, or a desire to make money, than from a kind of chivalric impulse. It was a question of sustaining a number of banks that supported the government.

Poor fellow, he was caught when the crash came, and was compelled to part with a pretty large sum—one million four hundred thousand francs. His income was reduced to one hundred and twenty thousand francs, and he found himself in straitened circumstances. However, he put a bold face on it, reduced his style of living, sold his horses, discharged his servants.

His resolution, however, had not changed—no marriage. But there was still a month, and his friends improved the time by reading him a lecture. They explained that it was unreasonable in him—nay, that it was absolutely immoral—to allow one million five hundred thousand francs to slip through his fingers. He would only be at the trouble of getting married, of espousing a pretty girl and a rich dowry, so the trouble would be changed into pleasure.

He gave way at last, and authorized his cousin, Mme. de Riémens, to hunt up something for him. She hunted and discovered—that great pole of a Catherine de Puymarin, who is frightfully rich and as scrawny as she is rich. And this was his very first remark: "She is too thin and cuts too poor a figure on horseback." When he resigned himself to the necessity of marriage, he made that a condition. He insisted that his wife should look well on a horse.

However, time was passing. He was harassed, urged, driven into close quarters. He had begun by saying no. He no longer said either yes or no, but was probably about

to say yes, when the great, the decisive, the dramatic day of November 24 arrived.

On that day, instead of taking my horseback exercise in the afternoon, as was my custom, I was to ride in the morning with that worthy M. Coates, who considers me one of his most brilliant pupils, and who occasionally rides around the Bois with me.

I set out at ten in a coupé with Miss Morton. We stop near Champignon, on the right, at the entrance to the Bois, for it was there that M. Coates was waiting for me. The groom had brought Triboulet, who is not always amiable and that day was a good deal "set up" in consequence of not having had his nose out of doors for forty-eight hours. I had dressed in a great hurry, and Virginie had not had time to do justice to my hair, but had stuck a dozen pins into my tresses, which were twisted into two great braids.

M. Coates put me on my horse, not without difficulty, for Triboulet was frisky. As soon as he felt me on his back, he began to rear; but I've a good seat and I know his tricks. I gave him a sound whipping. In the midst of our discussion, something kept falling, falling, falling over my shoulders. It was my two big plaits that had come unbraided and spread themselves in an avalanche, carrying my hat away with them. There I was bare-headed, with Triboulet tugging away for dear life and with my hair flying off on a perfect whirlwind.

Just at that moment, Adrien, Comte de Martelle-Simieuse, emerged on horseback from the Allée des Poteaux. He stopped, dazzled, at a respectful distance, and then passed through three distinct paroxysms of admiration. The first was for the rider: "Ah! what a seat!" The second was caused by my tresses: "What hair!" The third was in compliment of my looks: "How pretty she is!"

Meantime Triboulet, having calmed down from sheer exhaustion, was behaving himself. The groom, after a long search, succeeded in discovering my five or six scattered hairpins, while I, as well as I could, put my hair in order, binding my veil like a cord around my rebellious locks.

At last we got off, M. Coates and I, the groom at a distance, and behind the groom, at a similar interval, the eldest-born of the Martelle-Simieuses, beginning, in my honor, the ride around the Bois over again.

As far as I was concerned, in my innocence, I had not the slightest suspicion of the brilliant conquest I had just made. The weather was forbidding. We rode fast, Triboulet, stimulated by the cold, making several attempts to rebel. He reckoned without his mistress, however, and M. Coates was quite proud of me.

"You ride like an angel this morning," he said to me.

This was also the opinion of my improvised attendant, Groom No. 2: "How well she looks on a horse! How well she looks!" He thought of nothing else during our rapid ride. And he compared me with Catherine de Puymarin.

The journey around the Bois ended, I get down from my horse, and find Miss Morton in the coupé ready to return to the Rue de Varennes. Young Martelle-Simieuse jogs along behind the coupé and follows me home. He sees the door of the hôtel open and the carriage pass under the archway; he notes that my residence is quite respectable, that it is located in a fashionable street, and that, from all appearances, I am not an adventuress.

Yes, but the name—the name of this intrepid Amazon. Then a very obvious plan suggested itself to him; but why should he have a plan? He went home, looked up a directory with one million five hundred thousand addresses.

"Rue de Varennes, 49 bis, Baron and Baroness de Léoty."

In this way he discovered the name of one who may, perhaps, prove to be his faithful life-companion. Baron de Léoty! He knew papa through the club. But had papa a daughter? The mystery must be solved.

The thing was soon accomplished. In the evening—oh! Chance such are thy combinations!—in the evening Adrien dined with one or two people at the Mercereys. During a lull in the conversation, he said to his hostess, with affected indifference:

"Do you know M. de Léoty?"

"Intimately."

"Has he a daughter?"

"Yes."

"How old is she?"

"About twenty."

"And very pretty?"

At this question there was a general and enthusiastic demonstration in my honor. He

was indeed unfortunate in not knowing me. Mme. de Mercerey asked the object of these interrogatories, whereupon he rehearsed with great spirit his morning's adventure, my boldness on horseback, my hair floating in the wind, the ray of sunlight glancing on it, and turning it into gold! In short, a brief attack of poetic and lyric description, to the astonishment of those present. They had never seen him in that mood before.

Then Mme. de Mercerey displayed the rarest, the most admirable presence of mind. I must mention that she is very fond of mamma, and that, at the same time, she detests the Puymarins; that is, she has done so for six weeks, for before that they were intimate, and for a very good reason:

There were three series of entertainments this year at Grand Champs, the Puymarins' seat, the first in honor of the Orléans princes; the second for the Grand Duke Vladimir; and the third for the unimportant people, the small fry. Well, the duchess invited the Mercereys with the small fry! Now, belonging to such a family, and as rich as they are, the Mercereys are not the people to be classed with the small fry: hence their resentment, and very proper resentment.

And now for Mme. de Mercerey's stroke of genius. On the spot, catching the ball on the rebound, and without a moment's hesitation, in the presence of her amazed husband, she stated that on the evening of the following day, she was going to entertain a few friends, among whom were Mme. and Mlle. de Léoty, and that M. de Simieuse would be welcome if a little music did not bore him, and if he were anxious to meet his heroine of the Bois de Boulogne. M. de Mercerey was dumfounded.

"Are you not mistaken, my dear," he said as soon as he could recover from his astonishment; "was it not to-morrow evening that we were going to the Gymnase to see the piece by Octave Feuillet?"

"No, *mon ami*, that's the day after to-morrow."

"I thought—in fact, I've engaged the box."

"I tell you it's the day after to-morrow."

He subsided, and it was not until after dinner that he received the explanation of the charade. Mme. de Mercerey did not stop there. She took possession of M. de

Simieuse and pronounced an impassioned panegyric in my favor. "Irène de Léoty is just the wife for you. This morning's meeting is a special Providence." And the young man kept repeating like a refrain: "Ah! how well she looks on horseback!"

Yesterday, after having seen mamma, Mme. de Mercerey, in spite of her headache, bravely took the field, drummed up her guests, drummed up the musicians, and had the programmes printed, for they were printed. What energy!

Still how much fate has to do with our affairs! If Virginie had done up my braids better; if Triboulet had been good at the start; if the Puymarins had not invited the Mercereys with the small fry, M. de Simieuse would not dine to-morrow at the latter's residence, and I should not be asking myself the all-important question:

"Shall I, or shall I not, be Comtesse de Martelle-Simieuse?"

The poor Puymarins, who returned to Paris on purpose to exhibit their phenomenon! Poor Catherine de Puymarin! Shall I give her back her good little Count, or shall I keep him for myself?

I can't tell. However No. Six has not made a bad start, and if one were compelled to bet, I should be willing to take him even against the field.

November 30, 10 A. M.—And to-day I would give odds. He has taken the lead!

For three days what consultations on the subject of this dinner. Should it be a large or small party? and where should he sit?—facing me, or at my side? Mamma insisted on the former position. She maintains that my full face is more effective, far more effective, in fact, than my profile, especially when I have on a low dress, lower even than on the evening at the Mercereys. The art of gradation!

But I voted for the profile. I did not feel myself at all at a disadvantage, at all intimidated. I wanted to make him talk, to make him confess, thus carrying out my fixed resolution not to marry with my eyes shut. So he was placed on my right.

In order not to be hungry, and to be quite prepared for my investigation, I lunched heartily at five, and so was able to retain complete control of the conversation.

We remained at table an hour and a half,

and at the end of that time I was firmly convinced that we were made for each other.

We first talked about carriages and hunting, and could not have had a better send-off. I at once discovered that he had in his eye the same type of horse that suits me—not too slender, not too free-going; fast, of course, but not lean, fast but with some flesh on his bones! We are also entirely agreed on all points as to harnessing. He has a horror of driving horses tandem, in the English style, and prefers to have his team brought well up to the drag with rather short traces, and to have them feel the bit. He was, I think, a little surprised to find me so well up on such matters.

Surprised, and charmed as well. When dinner began he was evidently under the influence of some powerful emotion, but our conversation soon put him at his ease and he became natural. We spoke the same language; we were made to understand each other.

He hunts boars with a very fine and pure-blooded pack of eighty "fox hounds," and he gave me a minute description of his hunting costume—coat à la Française, dull-brown color, with facings and pockets of blue velvet, trimmed in sporting style. It would be really charming for us women to match our costumes in this dull-brown shade. I am already dreaming of a little three cornered hat.

Ah! if my dear Cécile, my intimate friend, could find a husband having, not too far from Paris, a deer park. She could come to us for boar hunting; I could go to her to shoot stags. Two happier women than we would not breathe under the sun! But here I am talking of this gentleman as if he were already my husband, and as if his eighty dogs belonged to me.

There is something else that tempts me. As a rule we are forced to take for our husbands men living in the most complete idleness; and that is why, in many cases, *ennui* so soon glides into households in our set.

Well! he is busy, very busy. In fact, he has not a moment to himself. His intellect and his energies are absorbed by occupations at once useful and elegant. He is a member of the committee of a small and very select club which has just been organized; he also belongs to the board of directors of the

pigeon-shooting and skating societies; he has a share in a steeple-chase association, and has a fourth interest in a stable for flat races—all which introduces activity and movement into his life.

I knew all this at the end of half an hour, after which I put him through a brief political examination, an important, a very important matter. I had quite decided never to have any annoyance or misunderstanding on that head. My poor mother has had a trying experience; I did not mean to be exposed to the same fate.

Mamma has been very happy with papa, yes, very happy, except as regards politics. She married papa quite young. He belonged to an old monarchical family, a family whose principles were without the slightest alloy. So were mamma's; so far all was well.

But about 1865 papa went over to the Empire, not out of preference, but from kindness of heart. Poor dear papa, he is so good; he is too good. He acted from affection for his brother, Uncle Armand, who is to-day general of division; at that time he was only captain, but had been so for centuries. He did not advance, and they kept him there, because papa, in spite of many invitations, would never set foot inside the Tuileries.

Then at last, papa, who doted on Uncle Armand, accepted an invitation and promised to present mamma. It was a real victory for the Empire, for there is no purer blood in the world than that which courses through mamma's veins.

Mamma passed the day of this terrible presentation at the Tuileries in tears. She had to obey, but there was a terrible scene *en route*, in the evening, in the landau. With a crown of roses on her head and white satin shoes on her feet, she wanted to get out in the middle of the Pont Royale, and it snowing great flakes. At last she became calm.

Uncle Armand was decorated a fortnight later, and was chief of squadron at the end of six months. Many doors, however, were closed to papa and mamma in consequence. It was all one to papa; he enjoyed himself quite as well, as he had a horror of society, and the club was still left. But mamma! Society was her life; and she did not belong to the Jockey.

Almost all these closed doors have opened again since the Republic came in, because a

good many things have been forgotten. Yes, almost all, but not all; but all will open before me when I shall be Comtesse de Martelle-Simieuse. I shall be welcome and well received everywhere. The political standing of the Martelle-Simieuses has been absolutely irreproachable from the beginning of the century. They did not swerve under the Empire, not a moment of weakness, not a single deviation from their allegiance.

The Martelle-Simieuses trace their family history, without deception or trickery, to the fourteenth century. Adrien's mother—the idea of my calling him Adrien! Isn't it a little too soon? His mother was a Précigny-Laroche, and as to his father—! Adrien has published a pamphlet giving his genealogy. Only one hundred copies were printed. It contains a plate representing his coat of arms in colors. He distributed it among his friends.

Mme. de Mercerey had a copy, and lent it to mamma. I have read and re-read the little *brochure*, and now know it by heart. It demonstrates conclusively that Adrien is the third French count—no, the fourth—no, the third!

Well! although one naturally places nobility of heart and elevation of character above all, one must still attach importance to such things. They are of intense interest in the hurry of life. Especially at this time, in the midst of this influx of fictitious nobility, in the presence of this invasion of Spanish dukes and Italian princes, who come, when our own origin is not indisputable, to take precedence of us in our own houses. I could not bear the thought of being, at a grand dinner, sent ignominiously to the foot of the table with the financial and literary people.

Another thing troubles me. In fact, there are no such things as trifles when one is engaged in arranging for the comfort of one's whole life, in putting one's self beyond the power of chance or accident. Mamma has a box for Mondays at the opera. We agreed long ago that, when I married, I should have the box half the time. Mamma was to have her fortnight and I was to have mine. It's all I could ask.

But then there's the Tuesdays at the Théâtre-Français. Mamma—and Heaven knows how hard she tried! was not able to give up the box for that wretched Tuesday. We

offered her one for Thursday; she refused. Thursday is only a make-believe Tuesday. It is the same play, but not the same public. Well, if I should marry him, I would have every Tuesday, from December to June, a box in the front row at the Théâtre-Français.

It's like this: He has an aunt, a precious aunt, very rich, childless (he is her heir), very old, and asthmatic, having such a box at the Théâtre-Français, and quite willing to hand it over to him, as she hasn't been to the play in three years. Could one fancy anything more delicious than the possession of such an aunt!

This is about what I was able to extract from him between the soup and the *fromage glacé*. And when, after dinner, mamma pounced on me and ejaculated, "Well?" I replied: "I believe, mamma, that I should have some trouble in finding a better one."

"Then it's all arranged?"

"It takes two people to get married, mamma."

"Oh! don't trouble yourself. You are the two. I watched him all dinner-time how he looked at you. His head's turned."

That was my opinion as well.

While mamma was pouncing on me, he was performing a similar operation at Mme. de Mercerey's, who, naturally, was at dinner. It was I he loved, I whom he adored, I whom he wished and no one else. And he begged Mme. de Mercerey to go at once to mamma and propose for my hand.

She had to calm him, to explain that things could not be urged on with such rapidity. Mamma, I believe, would have been willing to close matters up that very evening. She was terribly afraid of the Puymarin combination.

I do not share this fear. I noted the effect I produced and feel myself entirely mistress of the situation. I therefore reminded mamma of her promises, and my resolution not to decide until after a full investigation.

I had only seen him twice in the evening, wearing a black coat and a white tie. I insist on seeing him twice by daylight and in a frock-coat. I know what happened in the case of my cousin Mathilde. She had seen her husband twice in the daytime, once at the Louvre and once at the circus. Just now there is no circus. Let us substitute the Cluny museum; but I must have my two interviews by daylight. Mme. de Mercerey

has arranged for a chance meeting to-day, precisely at three, before the Murillo Virgin.

Same day, 5 P.M.—We meet. We walk for an hour through the galleries without troubling ourselves much about the paintings. Besides, he is frightfully ignorant on the subject of pictures. But I never proposed to marry an art critic. He has a good figure, he dresses well, he talks little, he is cold, well-behaved, and never says stupid things. In a word, I am satisfied.

In the Rue de Rivoli, as soon as we were alone in our carriage, I had to repel a fresh assault from mamma. "He is delicious! You surely won't insist on going to Cluny."

"No, I give way. We will suppress Cluny."

"Good! Then you've decided."

"Not yet, mamma, not yet. There is more to be thought of in marriage than fortune and position."

"But what do you want more?"

"To see him on horseback. He has seen me, but I haven't seen him."

In short, Mme. de Mercerey, whose devotion is indefatigable, is going to advise him this evening to be riding around the entrance to the Avenue des Acacias to-morrow morning about ten o'clock. She will give him a hint that he will stand a good chance of meeting us, papa and I. For papa—well, papa does astonish me. He is so well up in his part of "A Father with a Daughter to Marry." He has not ridden in four years, and to-morrow morning, at the risk of a frightful lumbago, he's going to get astride of a horse, "for this occasion only."

November 30.—We rode round the Bois, we three, papa, he, and I. He rides perfectly. He was on a chestnut mare that I propose appropriating for my own use. He may have Triboulet, whom I now know too well and of whom I am growing rather weary.

On coming back I threw myself on mamma's shoulder. "Yes," I said to her. "Yes, a hundred times, yes."

And I thanked her with tears in my eyes for having been so indulgent, so kind, so patient, for not having tormented me, and for having given me time for reflection.

December 4.—To-day, at three o'clock, the old aunt—the aunt with the Tuesday box—is to come and make the formal proposal,

so before the 10th of January—it must be prior to that date on account of grandmamma's Whim—I shall be the Comtesse de Martelle-Simieuse. Adrien will get the one million five hundred thousand francs and me into the bargain as a kind of bonus. Not a disagreeable way of making money, in my opinion. I can't say I pity him much.

December 11.—The marriage is fixed for January 6. It is absurd to marry at that season, making a kind of New Year's present of one's self; but it must be. The Whim, the Whim! Besides, on thinking the matter over, I don't know that I am altogether displeased with the date. We shall take a brief, a very brief, wedding tour, stopping at Nice eight or ten days at the most.

After which—Paris! And Paris in full swing, with all the minor theaters open, papa's dear little theaters! That unfortunate Louise de Montbrian married last spring toward the end of May, went on a six weeks' tour, and only returned to Paris to find it a parched, uninhabited desert! And the Variétés closed! Only fancy, she never heard Judic until last week, seven months after her marriage!

We shall be perfectly happy; I haven't doubted it for a moment. He adores me—and I? Do I love him? One may as well be frank with one's self. I should lie if I set down, in phrases borrowed from English romances, that I am desperately enamored, that I do not live save in his presence, that I tremble at the echo of his tread, and thrill at the sound of his voice, while I breathe in new life as soon as he appears.

No, no, I am not so inflammable. They must not ask my heart to beat so rapidly. But I already feel friendship, nay affection, for him, and love, I doubt not, will come.

Love is so economical in a household! I bring him a million, so we shall be able to calculate on an income of two hundred and thirty thousand francs. That seems enormous, but it isn't. In the first place, we must set aside eighty thousand francs a year to keep up De Simieuse, our château in Vendée, and for hunting. There are therefore left one hundred and fifty thousand francs for living expenses, an abundance if we love and treat

each other like boon companions treading the same pathway in life.

On the other hand, if we begin after a while (and it is the history of so many newly-married couples) to retire within ourselves, we shall each only have an income of seventy-five thousand francs, which would not be sufficient. Take, for example, the theaters. Outside of the Opera and the Français, they will cost two or three thousand francs a year if husband and wife always go together to see the new pieces; but they will use up five or six thousand if each goes alone. And so with everything; the budget is doubled.

There, for example, are Caroline and her husband. They have only one hundred thousand francs' income. They live freely and without small economies. Why? Because they love each other. They live in a small hôtel, quite a small one, and one which does not require many servants. They don't entertain much, and rarely go into society. The closer they can get to each other, the more secluded they are, the better they like it; and Caroline is perfectly happy, although she only spends ten thousand francs a year on her dress.

And there is Christiane, on the other hand. Poor girl! she married against her will. It was her mother who was dazzled by the title. Her daughter a duchess! It was certainly something, nay, a great deal; but it wasn't everything. Well! her marriage with Gontran turned out badly from the very first week. And they were frightfully cramped on their one hundred and fifty thousand francs. She spent money extravagantly on dress and all kinds of foolish whims. It is far more expensive trying to please everybody than trying to please one. The duke began to gamble; he has already wasted half his fortune.

Caroline said to me recently:

"As soon as you are married, try to love your husband. In our circle it means a saving of one hundred thousand francs a year; so that if one doesn't love from inclination, one should certainly do so as a matter of economy."

Yes, I shall love him! I shall love him! Besides, it is only the 11th of December. Between now and the 6th of January I have twenty-six days before me!



CHARLOTTE AMALIA.

THE HURRICANE ISLAND.

BY HERBERT H. SMITH.



PILKINS and I sat on deck that evening, smoking fraternal cigars and getting our hearts warmed to each other as people will at sea. I do not know why our intimacy began just then; I had noticed him

only as a plain, carelessly dressed gentleman whose quiet ways and good-natured politeness impressed me rather favorably; but we had not advanced beyond a speaking acquaintance until the week's voyage was almost ended.

Pilkins may be in Scandinavia now for aught I know; God bless him, wherever he goes! But to me he is always the Pilkins of St. Thomas; I can remember him only in connection with that shabby linen coat and

toadstool-shaped Madras hat which it was his pleasure to wear. Hat and coat belonged to a great-hearted, noble gentleman; ay, a gentleman and a whole-souled Christian without a grain of meanness or hypocrisy in his nature. He was a man to be loved.

When we retired to our bunks, Pilkins and I had agreed to "do" St. Thomas together. During our week's stay we would sleep on board and make excursions as our fancy dictated. It was understood that these should include something more than the town, for we were both nature-lovers and willing to search for our divinity in nooks and by-places.

I came on deck in the gray morning to see the island looming darkly against the eastern sky. It had that heaped-up, roughly rounded outline that characterizes all the West Indian Islands: "as if it had been shoveled there," said Pilkins. The shoveling must have been done long ago, for hills and valleys are covered with a thick mantle

of vegetation, somber enough as we saw it then, but all glorious when the sunshine lies on it. Down by the water there are picturesque rocks and some tiny islets floating on the sea: "swimming around the old duck," as Pilkins put it. He had a quaint fondness for simile, but it never altered a bit his reverent admiration for all beautiful things. Dear old Pilkins! I can see him now as he stood there by the rail, his eyes fixed on the brightening hill-tops with the crimson clouds behind them, his whole soul intent on the picture, as on a revelation. It was one to him.

The hill-tops were all aglow when we steamed into the harbor, but deep twilight rested yet over the quiet water, for the land rises steeply on all sides, shading the bay long after sunrise. It is a picturesque harbor, not very large, but safe enough except when the wind comes directly from the south, as is sometimes the case in a heavy storm; then the great waves go sweeping clear up to the town, and woe betide the vessel that drags her anchor in the pitiless sea! What was her safety becomes her peril; jagged rocks rising blackly on either hand, hidden rocks reaching up to stab from beneath, rocks before the town, rocks barring the shore from gasping, despairing, drowning mariners, exulting in their death, frowning darkly over their graves.

But the harbor was still now; anchor chains rattled merrily, our little brass gun gave a vociferous bark, and the health officer appeared in his trim white barge to inspect us according to rule. Then we became aware of a fleet of small boats swarming off from the town, and of lusty negro boatmen in them, pulling with all their might to get the first passengers; wasting a great deal more muscle, in fact, than they did a little later when the passengers were secured. Such is competition in trade!

A grotesquely picturesque set, with their rich coloring and graceful motion and comical black faces. They crowded about the gangway, calling for a job in English, French, Spanish; holding up their hands like omnibus-drivers, "or like black spirits trying to get out of purgatory," says Pilkins. He enjoyed the scene as an artist would, and I detected him furtively throwing dimes into the water for the benefit of negro urchins, who dived and caught them

before they were ten feet down. Some of the passengers marveled greatly at the easy feat, which is repeated, with slight variation, in almost every tropical American seaport. The St. Thomas darkies scorn to exert themselves for coppers, averring that they can not see them in the water, so benighted capitalists throw away their money on the little rascals, who make a very respectable living, and laugh to themselves, no doubt, at foreign gullibility.

We engaged a representative boatman—one who, scorning all ordinary patronymics, has taken upon himself the name of Champagne Charley, and written the same in a glowing scroll on the stern of his boat. C. C. is "no common nigger." His color, it is true, is represented by charcoal in the shade, and he is dressed, like the others, in coarse linen trousers and calico shirt; but, besides his name, he wears for distinction a dilapidated gray stove-pipe hat, of the 1865 pattern. This gentleman has refined instincts and takes pride in holding his position apart from the vulgar crowd. "It is not alone for the honor of my name," he remarked, "but for the sake of my reputation that I always deal justly with passengers;" and he slipped into his pocket a pair of bright silver dollars, just four times his legal fare, as we afterward had occasion to learn.

Then he rowed leisurely toward the boat-wharf, pointing out, as we passed them, the various objects of interest about the harbor—the quarantine station, coaling wharves, the floating dock, and so on. But we were better pleased to watch the hills, which are mantled with green indescribable; scrub, not more than ten or twelve feet high, it is true, but it looks like forest, darker along the narrow valleys and flaming in some places with scarlet *Poinciana* bushes. The town is packed into a narrow space at the end of the bay, spreading up the hillsides with a fine amphitheatrical effect; and the tile-roofed houses look fresh and neat, in their coats of white or yellow wash. In truth, I know of few prettier seaport towns than Charlotte Amalia as seen from the bay; the red and yellow colors exactly suit the towering green behind and the lesser green of interspersed fruit trees and gardens.

I never heard Pilkins' description of the wharf scene; I would liken it to an animated flower garden, if the comparison were not so

utterly inadequate. The peculiarity of negro dress everywhere is, that each part of it is sharply defined; crimson or purple turbans, blue shirts, calico sacks and skirts, are all so many patches of color, standing out unlike anything around them, unlike each other, unlike the black patches that represent face and arms. A clever artist could picture one of these groups very well by sticking together bright bits of colored paper, and throwing in a little shading afterward; but he could not represent the motion, nor the golden sunshine that streams down over everything, and makes the color-patches doubly brilliant.

There were negro porters here, and negro boatmen, and negro loungers with no particular trade; negresses with piles of glowing tropical fruits, and other negresses with babies; occasionally a German or American clerk, as much out of place in the crowd as a ghost would be in Broadway. The only whites that fit into the scene are Spanish Creoles, who stroll about with cigarettes between their fingers, as thoroughly tropical as the negroes themselves.

Main street runs parallel with the shore, lined on each side with warehouses and shops. The buildings are one or two stories

high, solid-looking structures, with white-washed fronts and unpicturesque green doors in the high, arched doorways. As for the street, it is reasonably wide, and, for a wonder in tropical America, very clean. There are good sidewalks, but pedestrians are quite as likely to take the middle of the roadway, for the occasional carts and great, clumsy, one-horse carriages cause very little inconvenience.

From the great number of stores, one might suppose that a large rural population was dependent on the little city; but there are hardly twenty-five hundred country people on the island, while nearly twelve thousand are contained in the town itself. In fact, most of these stores are supported, first by ships which frequent the harbor; second, and principally, by the other West Indian islands with which they hold large commercial relations. Denmark has carefully fostered St. Thomas as a commercial center, giving her special privileges. Danish goods from Danish vessels pass the custom-house without charge, and only small duties are levied on foreign goods, so that the trade is almost a free one. Hence it has been possible to establish wholesale houses with a range of prices low enough to attract the West Indian



MARKET SQUARE.

merchants, who buy here rather than in Europe and the United States; and though the colonial trade has fallen off during the last few years, it is still very important.

To an uncommercial observer the result of this peculiar trade status is sufficiently bewildering. You see large and well-filled shops with never a customer at the counters, sleek-looking clerks dozing in their arm-chairs among the piles of goods, and rising lazily when you enter. Nearly all the wholesale houses have retail departments for town and harbor customers, but their prosperity comes from the intercolonial trade. By almost daily steamers, orders are received from San Domingo, Cuba, the Windward Islands, and the Spanish Main, and this lazy outside covers an active business within.



DIVING FOR COINS.

Pilkins, in the apothecary's store, was seized with admiration. It was a large, airy establishment, with a long perspective of shelves and counters running back from the street; we could see half a dozen clerks rolling pills and preparing tinctures at distant tables.

"There must be a fearful amount of sickness here," Pilkins remarked to the proprietor.

"Oh, no, sir; the island is very healthy now;" and then, noticing our glance at the clerks, "they are putting up goods for outside customers," he added. "We send drugs and medicines to all the islands; some of them go five hundred miles or more."

So it was in nearly every store that we entered, a curious combination of wholesale and retail business that looks like neither. Only a few neat establishments

were apparently devoted to local custom—a jeweler's, a bookstore, and so on. For the rest, there were only dirty shops with such a miscellaneous assortment of goods as the negro and mulatto population requires.

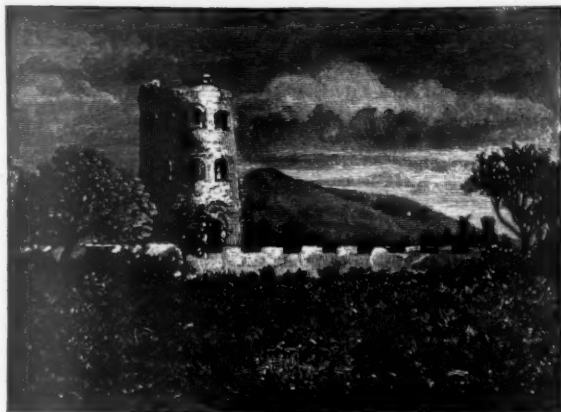
Everywhere we saw those lazy, graceful negro groups; dirty boys and girls, dirtier porters, a hundred happy ones in rags, a dozen sublimely grotesque with starched dresses and black coats. The streets were full of them, lounging in the roadway or on the sidewalks, never in a hurry, always



laughing and talking if there was anybody to

laugh or talk with, grinning and whistling to themselves if there were not. Lazy fruit-women sitting beside trays of glowing fruit, lazy cart boys prodding their lazy little gray horses, lazy street-cleaners, lazy sunshine lying on the white walls and shadeless pavement, a lazily active town, with the breath of the tropics in every whiff of air.

I think the market square must be buried in invisible poppy-leaves. We stood there under one of the thick-leaved conopo trees, and the whole picture was like some glowing dream forever changing, without motion, indefinable, indescribable, supremely picturesque. The fruit trays here were interspersed with other trays of bread, cakes, vegetables—"ingreedments" the women call them—and so on; and there were carts



BLUEBEARD'S CASTLE.

from the country, little donkeys almost buried in great bundles of grass ("always trying to burrow out and never succeeding, poor things," says pitying Pilkins); a sprinkling of sailors and "buckra" whites, and now and then a "cha-cha" fisherman with his broad-brimmed straw hat and odd-looking basket over his arm.*

Hardly any of the fruits and vegetables are native productions; they come from neighboring islands, brought in by daily vessels. Even the oranges and lemons must be imported from San Domingo.

Beyond the market we strolled down the street—a shady, rural street now—to that other quiet city where the moss-grown stones and quaint crosses carried our thoughts back through two hundred years of island history. There are inscriptions here that date from the beginning of the last century, some, perhaps, from the century before; but tropical heat and damp and

mold are doing their work on the marble slabs, slowly wiping out the letters, as men's good and evil deeds are effaced by the pitying hand of Time. Pilkins moralized after his quaint fashion before an ugly-magnificent stone, which time was crumbling and painting with delicate touches.

"This man's friends," he said, "tried to erect a grand monument to him, just as he and other men have tried to build up pretty life stories. The monument is tasteless and there is only a dead body underneath it. The story was false, as all life histories are,

for the world can never tell what lies within them. Well, time knocks down the monument and the story, and brings a hundred happy things out of the rottenness that people wanted to cover up."

Pilkins stooped to draw the rubbish away from a tiny flower that was struggling through it. "Our monuments are all fail-



TOWER OF THE FORT.

* My friend, Mr. C. E. Taylor, describes these people in the clever "St. Thomas Almanack": "Cha-cha Ballahu is a nickname applied to those natives of St. Barto and Saba who form a colony by themselves on the outskirts of the town. These people, who are fair-complexioned, make an honest living by plaiting straw hats, selling fruits, such as oranges and pineapples, and by fishing. At any time their fragile craft may be seen skimming the waves outside the port, simply a canoe formed of one piece of wood, about twelve feet by two, and with a large sail; they go flying across the harbor and out to sea with their occupants, who seem perfectly indifferent as to their turning over. If they should capsize, however, the men hold on to the boat, turn her up, bail her out, jump in, and away they go again as if nothing had happened. The cha-cha lives frugally and is very industrious."

ures," he added, "but I like to think that after men have forgotten about the outside of our lives, the past that seemed good for nothing will turn to something beautiful."

Rich beauty there is in these old graveyards. This one is shaded with noble trees, and the flowering vines and weeds are only restrained by culture; they trail over everything, but with a subdued luxuriance that is well in keeping with the place. We puzzled ourselves over the inscriptions, which are in nearly every European language, with a sprinkling of Latin and Hebrew. Some of the older ones, in low Dutch, are quaint enough. Here is Pilkins' translation of one, made on a letter-back as he sat under one of the conopo trees:

Here now do rest
In this dark hole
The earthly ashes
Of Gerard Mohl.

Shot in the eyes
And blind for life,
He yet could choose
A seeing wife,

Who scarce gave him
One son to love,
Ere he took his flight
To heaven above.

With opened eyes
And glad delight,
He thanks his God
Who gave him sight.

We made many other excursions to the town, always finding something new and picturesque. Of public buildings there are not many; the plain-looking Government House attracted our attention less than the fort, a quaint old brick affair with just enough of modern improvements to keep it from being unsightly. Inside, we could wander at will over the walls and towers, curiously inspecting the old-fashioned guns and wondering if some of them were relics of the Bonaparte times. The Danish soldiers appeared to have nothing to do but keep their uniforms clean and stand sentry at the doors. A little later, when the Santa Cruz insurrection broke out, they were useful enough.

There were very pretty effects of light and shade about the old fort, such fragments as artists love—sharp silhouetting of roofs and battlements against the sky, jagged lines where the walls were decaying, black shad-

ows beneath. Once we passed by in the evening, when the full moon was mounting above the central tower with its illuminated clock, "peeking around to see if she's late," said Pilkins.

There is a police court which sits in the fort, and an ordinary civil court elsewhere. But St. Thomas has one admirable institution for which it can not be too grateful—its Reconciling Court. Whether this is a feature adopted from the mother country, I do not know; but wherever it originated, it has saved a vast amount of expensive litigation. Two judges preside over this court; they are elected by the people every three years, and serve *without compensation*. The judge of the Civil Court is also present (sometimes by deputy) to give his advice on points of law, but he can not vote.

Suppose there is a question in dispute, involving, we will say, property to the amount of five hundred dollars. Ordinarily half this sum, may be more, would go into the lawyers' pockets, and no shame to the legal gentlemen either; for if they are at all evenly matched, the struggle may be a long one, and war of any kind is expensive. But the philanthropist who established this St. Thomas blessing ordained that no lawyer should plead in a civil case until the parties had appeared in person before the Reconciling Court and told their stories. Then the judges give their opinion and try to settle the difficulty in a friendly manner. If they succeed in this, the parties must sign an agreement accordingly—an agreement by which each must abide, or the sheriff will enforce the decision without further ceremony. And for all this the two parties have only to pay a trifling court fee! If, however, they persist in squabbling, the case goes up to the Civil Court, where, to make the Reconciling Court more attractive, the charges are laid on without stint.

The result is recorded by Knox in his history: "Out of three hundred and eighty-three cases brought before this court in 1849 two hundred and twenty-six were amicably arranged, ten non-suited, and one hundred and forty-seven referred to the Town Court; of the latter but twenty-five were brought to trial." Now that, it seems to me, is a triumph of civilization. The people of St. Thomas appreciate their blessing as much as they did in Knox's time, and

the decisions of the Reconciling Court are nearly always well received.

On Sunday we went to the Lutheran Church, one of eight of various denominations in the place. It is an odd-looking structure, built more for comfort, I think, than for beauty; the great doors at each end let the air circulate freely in the building, and one looks through them to see tall cocoa-nut palms without, and flowering shrubs, sending their kisses of fragrance on every zephyr. I wondered if the little boys got to watching this bit of summer, as long ago I used to watch the maple-trees through our open church windows at home; and if they ached to chase the brown wasps as I used to follow the bumble-bees with my eyes and calculate how I could throw my cap over them. The boys and the rest of the congregation were of all shades; a few black, many brown, some of them white; nothing remarkable about their costumes except the prevalence of white dresses and the showy turbans worn by some of the women. They were attentive enough to the service and to a very good sermon; and they sang quaint hymns to old, old tunes that called

back other memories of the country church and high-backed pews of my childhood.

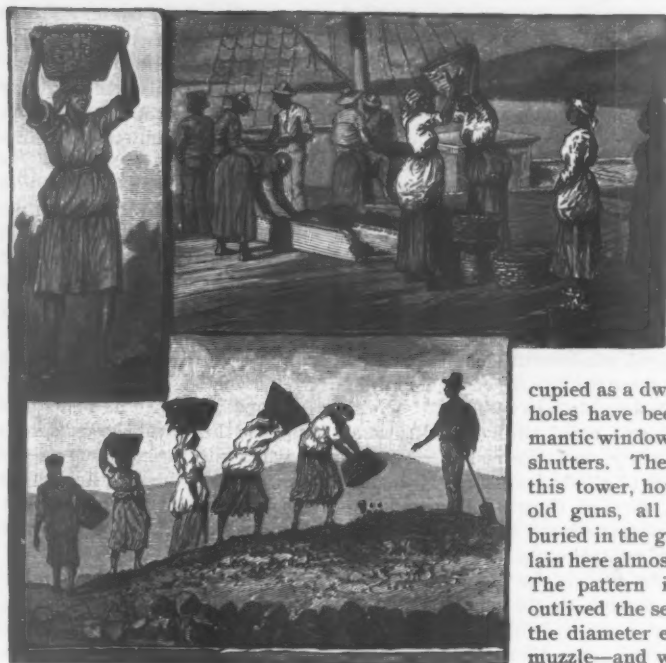
As we crossed the street after church, I remember that Pilkins turned and caught my arm; looking back, I saw the congregation coming down the long porch stairs, nearly all women, and dressed, as I have said, in white, but with bright hats or turbans, and bright silk scarfs. In the glowing sunshine, with the dark background of the shaded church and the palms on each side, the color effect was superb; in five years of tropical journeying I can remember nothing to equal it. Yet such scenes must be common enough here, from the vivid dresses and the eternal summer.

Neither this nor the other churches had towers; I suppose they would be dangerous appendages, what with the earthquakes and the hurricanes. But if these buildings are unpretentious the people are pious in the old-fashioned way, and churches are very well sustained.

I know not if the orthodox looked upon it as a desecration, but on Sunday evening there was music in the little public garden behind the fort; the garrison band was



A COUNTRY HOUSE.



COALING GANGS.

there, and garrison officers drank foaming glasses of beer with black-coated civilians. Oddly enough, this German scene looked under the palms and tamarind-trees. I suppose the exiled soldiers found in it some taste of their northern homes. Pilkins said that they always turned their backs to the palm-trees and looked at the moon when they drank. Perhaps that reminder of the fatherland had a soothing effect; at all events, the crowd was orderly and very quiet.

One morning we climbed to "Blackbeard's Castle," a little round stone tower that overlooks the town and harbor. There is another tower, "Bluebeard's Castle," on an opposing hill, but outside of the town limits. The negro boatmen delight to tell how these structures were put up by the buccaneers; but in sober truth it is very doubtful if that gentry ever occupied the island at all; certainly they did not build the towers. In 1685 St. Thomas was farmed out to the Brandenburg Company, who soon after put up these towers for defense against the Spaniards and buccaneers, and against their own negro slaves in case of insurrection. I

do not know how the dark and fearful names originated; probably with some romantic islander. The castles themselves are tame enough now; "Blackbeard's" is closed and desolate, with a house built before the very doorway; "Bluebeard's" tower is itself oc-

cupied as a dwelling, and the loopholes have been widened to unromantic windows with black wooden shutters. There is a parapet before this tower, however, and a row of old guns, all rust-eaten and half buried in the ground, for they have lain here almost two hundred years. The pattern is one that hardly outlived the seventeenth century—the diameter equal from breech to muzzle—and with rings encircling the guns at intervals. Pilkins compared them to the Boston sol-

diers' monument.

We were well repaid for our climb by the magnificent view over the harbor and town. Fearsome scenes these towers have looked down upon; the great fire of 1804, when eleven million dollars' worth of property was destroyed; the lesser fires of 1806 and 1825; the hurricanes and earthquakes that have left their black marks on other years. Especially from hurricanes the town has suffered often and terribly; more so, perhaps, than any other West Indian city, for the island lies in the very track of the fiercest cyclones. The force of these storms is almost beyond belief; it is not alone wooden houses that are blown down by them but strong stone buildings as well. In 1837 a fort at the mouth of the harbor was leveled with the ground; "it looks as if it had been battered to pieces with cannon-shot" writes an eye-witness. In this hurricane thirty-six ships were sunk in the harbor and half the houses in town were blown down. Every year, on the 25th of July, there is a day of prayer in all the churches for Divine protection against the cyclones. The people

know that no earthly power can avail them when the tempest comes in its wrath.

Perhaps I do St. Thomas an injustice calling it, by distinction, the Hurricane Island; Barbados, Guadeloupe, San Domingo, and the others have their share of this black reputation. But here the cyclones have been so many and the destruction wrought by them so universal that they seemed to have stamped their impress on the place. In the stormy season (from July to November), people are ever watching the skies anxiously lest the dread visitor should appear; and with even a false alarm houses are closed, doors and windows bolted, and the occupants listen fearfully to the howling wind and driving rain without; there is *no* security, where even the strongest buildings may be battered to pieces; where the wind lifts stone and metal as it would chips, and hurls them through the air like cannon-balls.

But the skies were serene for us, and the winds breathed softly. Our daily excursions were extended farther and farther, along the shores and over the hills, and we always got new glimpses of this glowing tropical nature. It is true nature made us pay for our acquaintance, what with the scorching sun and the ladder-like paths; but we had sought our goddess often enough to know that her favored retreats are fenced in with thorns—a barrier for the crowd, only an obstacle to the true nature-lover.

Our longest trip was directly across the island to the northern side. With an increasing respect for the sun, we started an hour before daylight, passing through the dark, silent streets and getting well up the hill before the eastern sky began to brighten. Once or twice we were saluted by noisy dogs, guardians of some dilapidated country-house; but the advancing dawn showed us hardly any evidences of cultivation; everywhere the narrow road was lined with bushes and low trees clinging to the steep hillsides and forming dense thickets in the ravines; delicate acacias quivering in the morning breeze; strange spiny cacti on the rocks; and everywhere the sleeping mimosas, with their leaves all folded together, waiting for the sun to wake them up.

When we reached the top the sky was gorgeous with crimson and gold, molten glory

with tinting and shading incomparable. We sat down by the roadside and watched the color spreading over sea and sky until the glowing sun appeared on the horizon and we were forced to turn away our dazzled eyes. I know not what there was in this sunrise to move us more than in a hundred others; perhaps the solitude of the place and the vast sweep of water before us.

"What is it like, Pilkins?" I asked. He turned to me with that wonderful look of rapt enjoyment that I have seen sometimes in his face. "I was thinking," he said: "'Lift up your heads, O ye gates, and be ye lifted up, ye everlasting doors, and the King of Glory shall come in.'"

No one could help admiring this glorious view from the ridge. We were a thousand feet above the sea; not a very high hill, but one so steep that the town and harbor, lying in the sunshine beneath us, were like a dream of fairyland. Away beyond them, on the blue horizon, we could see the hills of Santa Cruz; and to the north there were clusters of small islands, all rocky and barren, as St. Thomas is, but steeped in that soft, purple haze that is so characteristic of West Indian landscapes. I have seen something like it on the peaks of the Organ Mountains at Rio de Janeiro, but never so rich and pure as it is here.

The road was almost deserted, even by day; once or twice we met country people going over the hill to town, and the tiny gray donkeys plodding along with packs of grass and fire-wood. After a while we came to some fields of sickly-looking sugar-cane and cassava, with lazy negroes at work in them. Agriculture is at a sadly low ebb here. The island never was very fertile except in the valleys; yet in the old colonial times it produced fair crops of sugar-cane and tobacco: those who know it best say that large portions of it are still susceptible of cultivation.

There was a little old farm-house, with scraggly banana-trees growing around it, and some half-ruined outbuildings; there we stopped to beg a drink of water after our walk. We were invited in by the exceedingly dirty proprietor—an Italian, I believe, and a negro brought us the water, after we had politely declined milk and rum. There was nothing especial about house or furniture to distinguish them from a dwelling of

the poorer class at home; only the low massive stone walls spoke of an ever-present respect for cyclones; they never build flimsy houses at St. Thomas.

We had our eyes and hearts fixed on a broad, white sand beach below us, fronting a great bay on the northern side of the island. The Italian told us of an unfrequented path that led to it; but as his directions were rather obscure, we finally engaged a bright mulatto boy, another member of this motley household, who agreed to show us the path and take us back to town by another way. And a lively scramble he gave us. The path might have been made by goats, but it certainly was never intended for civilized pedestrians. We had to climb over rocks, and push our way through thickets, and wade across sloughs; but down we went like a pair of school-boys, and thoroughly enjoying the fun withal. For the most part we saw nothing on either side but thickets of thorny scrub, not high nor dense enough to shield us from the broiling sun; once only we dropped into a little patch of low forest, where there was a rocky glen and a tiny cascade, the prettiest sight! At the bottom of the hill we had to pass through a belt of mangroves before we came to the beach.

A glorious beach it was, truly; glistening white coral sand, with pretty shells strewn over it and the blue waves dancing and rippling beyond. Pilkins and I caught the inspiration of the place and went chasing over the shore and pelted each other with the tingling sand and waded after shells, until our mulatto guide scratched his head doubtfully in evident fear for our wits. Then we doffed our clothes and tumbled about in the water for a while; after which we were content to find a shady place among the rocks and eat our lunch.

We watched the funny fiddler-crabs scuttling about among the mangrove-bushes—big and little ones, of I know not how many species. If there is anything mirth-exciting in the whole range of animal life, it is the fiddler. He is so lively, so awkward, so ridiculously self-important, and so very, very pugnacious. He doesn't walk, he sidles; and he doesn't sidle as a courtier either, but as a warrior who will never show his back to the enemy. He travels in a series of masterly flank movements, taking care not

to uncover the line of retreat to his hole. And he holds up one great, snapping claw, and guards with the other, and glares at you through those preposterous goggle-eyes, and altogether makes himself look as fierce as possible. I wonder what his domestic arrangements are. Pilkins recorded one important observation. "You will observe," he said, lecturing an invisible audience, "that the animal has one large claw and one small one. The value of this beautiful arrangement is at once apparent. As he always moves sideways, one claw or the other must be in advance. If he enters his own house, the small claw goes first and the large one is ready to receive visitors. But should he visit his neighbor's house, it is the large claw that goes in first, and the crab follows at a safe distance."

We found many other things to amuse us; marine animals in the pools, and fish, and occasionally a bird or an insect, though these latter were not common, for the island is poor in land animals. Not until late in the afternoon were we ready to return; then we had to climb the ridge again by another path, and so, at length, we descended to the town, pretty thoroughly tired, but in the highest good humor.

We made many shorter excursions; there was much to interest us in the harbor and its surroundings, as well as on the hills. There are two or three coal-wharves, where gangs of negroes may be seen at almost any time unloading the coal from English and American vessels. Four or five men are employed in filling the baskets (about forty pounds each), and lifting them up to the carriers' heads; the women trot one after the other and dump their burdens on the great coal-pile, singing very often the rude but not unmelodious tunes that they have invented. For delicate ears it is well that these songs are in the negro *patois*, which can not be understood by foreigners; often the words are as bad as possible, and they form a very true index of the beastly life that these poor creatures lead. They are a caste apart; only the most depraved will enter these gangs, and even the not over-moral town negroes decline to associate with them.

The West Indian coaling gangs are indeed a disgrace to civilization. Whether the coal merchants and the people are indifferent or powerless, certain it is that they have done

nothing to better the system; what it was twenty-five years ago that it is now, and will be, I believe, until machinery can be substituted for all this hand work. It has been pointed out a hundred times that the gangs are encouraged in idleness and vice. These women at the wharves get, perhaps, sixty cents per day, which is twice the wage of an able-bodied country laborer. But when a steamer is taking on coal and the work must be hastened, the carriers are paid according to their labor—a cent or even two cents for each basketful. I was told of one woman who carried four hundred baskets between sunrise and dark, and often they work far into the night. Commonly they earn enough in a day to keep them idle for a week. Idleness and depravity have gone together ever since the time of Dr. Watts, at least; depravity in its worst form is what idleness has brought to these women, and it is another sin for which our overstrained, breathless, barbarous civilization has to account.

The coaling-wharves, with their dirt and grime and moral filth were not attractive places, and we did not care to see much of them. We used to row out to the reef, where the little clear pools were all glowing with happy marine life; bright-tinted, spiny sea-urchins, curious shells covering the rocks like mosaic-work, sea-anemones sometimes, and beautiful marine worms, and little vivid blue and golden fishes, and a thousand other creatures that live and disport themselves in such places. To see the overflowing, the intense joy of animal life, one must go to these tropical reefs. In plants this joy is supreme; with animals it is seen most among the lower forms, the plant-like species, and we observe less and less of it as we ascend the series. I think that we sometimes get glimpses of it in our own life, especially among children, this mere gladness of existence. Have you not felt it at moments and forgotten all trouble, drawing long breaths of the air about you, and feeling yourself a perfect man? So you were while the moment lasted.

Pilkins and I could never have enough of this happy reef; we came here again and again, collecting shells and exploring the rock crevices for crabs, and laughing when

the great white breakers took us unawares and dashed clouds of spray into our faces. Sometimes we came across pieces of wreck on the shore, relics of the great earthquake wave of 1867, when three immense masses of water came rolling from its three entrances into the harbor and dashed some ships on shore, and sunk others over their anchors, and flooded the bewildered town ere it could recover from the shaking it had received.

A cruel year that was for the island. First, there were the scourges of cholera and yellow fever and small-pox; not singly, but all together in epidemic force. Then a hurricane—one of the most terrible on record—swept over the doomed place, sinking almost every ship in the harbor, battering down houses, and tearing and crushing what it could. And after all that, the earthquake wave came, destroying a vast amount of property that the cyclone had left; the harbor was choked with wrecks; the land was foul with death.

Since then the town has recovered itself. Efficient sanitary laws have driven out disease; contrary to what is generally supposed, there is now little or no yellow fever at Charlotte Amalia, and no trace of cholera or small-pox. For a time the cyclones have been content to hurl themselves against other islands, and the fires beneath have found a vent, somewhere in the Andes, perhaps. The place stands fair in its commercial prosperity, but with that ever-present feeling of insecurity that comes from her old castigations.

Well, well! There is an end to all things in life! Pilkins and I stood by the gangway one morning, clasping hands and feeling our eyes a little moistened, perhaps; he was off to the Spanish Main; I must go on with the ship to Brazil, and who knows if our paths will ever come together again? "Take good care of yourself, old boy, and don't forget me if we meet;" and with a wave of his hand he ran down the steps. I watched the boat until it had disappeared among the shipping; then I went below with a big lump in my throat and an inclination for the moment to snap at Destiny. Dear old friend! He will spread his sunshine somewhere else, and I—ah! well, I must make the most of its brightness that he dropped into my life.

THREE SCORE AND TEN.

BY MAY RILEY SMITH

I AM past my three score years and ten ;
I have quaffed full cups of bliss and bane ;
Grown drunk on folly like other men,
With its present sweet and after-pain ;
I have had my share of cloud and sun ;
And what is it all, when all is done ?

We have had our frolic, Life and I ;
Jovial comrades we used to be.
Full sails to-day, with a silver sky,
Anon dead calm and a sullen sea.
Now I fear the waves, so I hug the shore
With my tattered sail and broken oar.

I have worn love's flower upon my breast,
And said my prayers to a woman's face.
The saints forgive us ! If men addressed
Such orisons to the heavenly Grace,
They would upward mount, as strong birds do,
And answer bring from the heavenly blue !

I have known the best that life can hold
Of fame and fortune, love and power.
And when my riotous blood grew cold,
I cheered with books the lingering hour ;
Banqueting on the costly wine
Which Genius pours from her flagons fine.

Yet I would rather lie to-day
Where orchard blooms drift down their snow.
And feel lost youth in my pulses play,
Its rosy wine in my hot cheeks glow ;
I would rather be young,—and foolish, forsooth,—
Than own the baubles we buy with youth.

I would barter fortune, fame, and power,
All knowledge gained of books and men,
For my old delight at the first spring flower,
A robin's egg, or a captured wren
From its nest hid under the tossing plume
Of a sweet, old-fashioned lilac bloom.

With the world's stale feast I am surfeited ;
I long to-day for the old-time thrill
At the purple pomp of a pansy bed,
Or the fresh spring scent of a daffodil.
Alas, I shall never be thrilled again !
I am old. Yes ; past three score and ten.

SHALL AMERICA HAVE AMBASSADORS?

BY MONCURE D. CONWAY.

IT was, I believe, a criticism by the late Artemus Ward, that Chaucer was no doubt a man of talent, but didn't know how to spell. An analogous criticism might be made by a European on some of the phraseology used by our constitutional fathers in convention assembled one hundred years ago. Political as well as poetic afflatus is subject to the liabilities of language to change, of terminology to become antiquated. This, indeed, is the chief drawback on the advantages of written constitutions, and it is exemplified in what our own says about the President's appointment of ambassadors.

Art. II., Sec. 2.—He shall have power, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, to make treaties, provided two-thirds of the Senators present concur; and he shall nominate, and by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, shall appoint ambassadors, other public ministers and consuls.

European regulations, especially since the Treaty of Vienna, have set a hopeless antagonism between the two classes of the sentence just quoted. The title of ambassador is conventionally restricted to the representative of a sovereign able to make treaties without the ratification or intervention of any assembly.

We may, indeed, speak poetically of the Sovereign People; but when we ask privileges from nations where the people are not sovereign, our local terms may cause confusion. An ambassador represents not only the affairs but the person, dignity, and power of his master, and, by the law of nations, has important privileges, among them being exemption from the control of the municipal laws of the nation to which he is sent. The mere minister represents only certain public affairs with which he is charged. A sovereign may be represented by such a minister if he chooses, but, strictly, a people can not be represented by an ambassador, because its sovereignty is impersonal.

Alexander Hamilton would appear to have perceived the incongruity of an ambassador appointed by a legislature, as Randolph and Pinckney had proposed; and in the Constitution he offered embodying his proposal for a monarchy the power to make treaties and appoint ambassadors was vested exclusively

in the executive. The two powers stand or fall together. An American minister can have no ambassadorial functions of a diplomatic kind, and it is only by indulgence when he is allowed ambassadorial privileges of a social kind. In receiving favors of majesty he is accepting what he can not requite. He can not sign a treaty except as any clerk might sign it; he can not draw the smallest check on his country's treasury; he can not commit his country to the least engagement. Although the indulgence of European courts is, as a rule, graciously given to American ministers and their families, there have been occasions when they have had to remind their subjects of the anomalous position of such republican agents.

Thus, fifteen years ago, when an English Chancellor of the Exchequer (Lord Sherbourne), after concluding a settlement of serious issues with the American minister (Reverdy Johnson), only to have it tossed back in his face by the Senate, he reminded his countrymen that in negotiating with the American government they were not acting under fair and equal responsibilities. "The persons who speak in behalf of the Queen's government can bind the government to what they say; but the American government can not bind the people of America."

So long as the worst results of this anomaly fall on other nations, and the contemptuous comments are too distant to be audible, it being only occasionally necessary to tell our minister that he is a sham, a system so comfortable to political pensioners will probably continue. It now appears, however, that, with the exception of some inveterate believers in republican simplicity, the pensioners are not altogether comfortable. They do not relish being ranked by the representatives of royalty. The question is asked, Shall America have ambassadors?

The question is pertinent, painfully so during the Victorian fêtes, but may for the moment be postponed for another. Should America have foreign ministers? There was indeed a time when American diplomacy in

Europe was a necessity and a reality. During our Revolution and for a generation after, our great problems related to foreign nations, and they had to be determined under conditions which did not admit of easy reference to home authority. But things have changed. One of our early ministers in Europe came back to give us a "Monroe Doctrine." We may not be entirely free from the liability to European entanglements, but Europe is now within a week of America, and there can be no difficulty in sending over there an envoy when one is required.

Leaving out of discussion for the moment social advantages, confining ourselves to the business point of view, let any one point anything done in recent times by a regular American minister in Europe that might not have been as well done by a consul or by a special envoy. Nay, has it not been repeatedly shown that in case real work is to be done the resident minister is less fit for it than the man fresh from touch of his country? For courtier service the resident is best, no doubt; but the occasional business we have with Europe needs a man for the occasion—the merchant, the lawyer, the financier, the general. What could C. F. Adams do when Evarts was the man needed? Apart from the special talent or knowledge that may be required in one or another affair, it is obvious that a resident minister would be in a controversy handicapped by obligations.

He must hold his own against men whose bread and salt he has eaten. He must take up an ungracious attitude towards those from whom he and his family have received social favors. That our country has not suffered more by such natural *complaisance* is due to a facility for repudiating its ministers. But where are the advantages of a diplomatic representation that requires to be supplemented from Washington whenever serious service is required of it?

The American minister has a good deal on his hands, no doubt so has the belle of a season; but the question now is, what is the value of his activity to his country? The American diplomatist abroad, by whatever indefatigable effort to magnify his office, can show no normal negotiations that need cost more than a few letters from Washington. The imprisonment of an American Irishman in Ireland is a God-send; the exclusion from Germany of a possibly naturalized American

German is an object for legational prayer. Our bureau in Russia is supported by the American Jew. If Russia were to exempt American Jews from her anti-Semitic regulations, she would ruthlessly endanger the *raison d'être* of our palatial legation there. Happily "*der ewige Jude*" punctually turns up from America and is stopped on the frontier; the minister protests; the Russian office declares the law, letters pass and repass, the Jew returns to America, the American protest is filed and forgotten, the American minister never gains his case, but he sends home an imposing correspondence.

The minister here spoken of is impersonal. The individual minister is often an honest and earnest man, but generally has his ends shaped for him by the traditions of his office, rough-hew them how he will. The more sincere, simple, business-like the man, the more must he long for some task that offers even a semblance of justifying his office. The wisest ministers have accepted the opportunities supplied by a fictitious position to do something genuine in unofficial directions. The diplomatic service has supplied some with leisure to write fair essays. But there appears a ludicrous disproportion between such productions and their cost.

Of this cost the least part is that which may be estimated in money. The heavier account opens with the essential misrepresentation of the American Republic involved. If we are to be politically mixed up with European affairs, one might desire that it should be as a nation of republicans. Our greatest man said, "America is God's gift to the poor." But what does diplomatic America mean to the poor of Europe? The American minister means a courtier investing their oppressors with the star-spangled banner. The republicans of Europe he must avoid. I once proposed to introduce one of our representatives in Europe to Mazzini; he admitted that he would personally like the acquaintance, but it was not consistent with his instructions. Our diplomatic corps when real was American; around Franklin, Barlow, Adams, Jay gathered the friends of humanity. Monroe saved the wife of Lafayette from execution. But we now go out to see men gorgeously appareled in king's courts. About thirty years ago the country justly recognized it as a scandal that its foreign representatives should appear at courts in

costumes symbolical of aristocracy. The edict went forth that such homage to the pomp and glitter of royalty should cease. Rumors followed that our ministers in evening dress were sometimes refused admission to royal drawing-rooms, and sometimes mistaken for servants (curious error!). But ever since, despite their groans, they have had to appear in the court masquerade as black admiration notes in illuminated sentences. The appearance of some of them in surreptitious knee-breeches has only excited a smile at the snobbery for which their country is acquiring an exceptional reputation.

But this stripping of the American minister of costumes taken from the wardrobe of privileged classes puts him still more under false colors. It pretends that he is a reality, instead of the sham that Lord Sherbourne and others have shown him to be. The court costumes are not empty symbols. They are really liveries worn by imperial flunkies conveying the commands of their masters. Those masters have the power to determine governmental measures; they can move or sacrifice peoples as pawns on a chess-board. Thus the liveries of their agents have actual significance. They are, of course, pretentious when worn by a republican with no authority at all, but not delusive like a garb suggesting that he is to be taken seriously. In the dress of a republican citizen he is not so ludicrously as offensively out of place in the bazaar where the rights of peoples are bought and sold by crowned heads or privileged castes.

It is hardly wholesome for a representative of the United States to join in the game of European diplomacy. If he does not drag his country into complications from which it can not retire without disgrace, or, perhaps, exciting resentment, he is but too likely to catch the airs and habits of those with whom he associates. If our minister's republicanism is impervious to the seductions of snobbery, he risks a suspicion of being boorish or mean. The half consciousness of the average American minister that he is out of his place is betrayed by a chronic timidity at every step he takes. He is sleeplessly anxious about points of etiquette on the one hand and official duty on the other. In one case an American minister raised a laugh throughout Europe by declining to lend his flag for a festival of the greatest artist known

to history. Possibly such assistance was really inconsistent with his "instructions," for Secretaries of State are not free from timidity when commissioning courtiers to European thrones.

It is sometimes said that an American minister is useful in Europe to supply his country with useful information concerning the country to which he is accredited. Misinformation would be the more correct term. For real information one enterprising newspaper correspondent were worth the whole diplomatic corps. Diplomacy is essentially as well as etymologically related to duplicity. The minister sends such information as will suit the court to which he is accredited. The occasional instances in which such has been inspired by veracity have so repeatedly brought them into trouble that plain truth from our legations has ceased to be looked for.

When cases arise in which the United States must have diplomatic dealings with European governments, the man least fit for such transactions is one who has been under their anti-republican influence. Let the Republic select its sufficient man for each such task as it may arise; let him go to the foreign capital as the fresh voice and seal of his country; let him drive to the door of cabinet or palace in his cab, transact his affair, and come home. If there be any regular business for the minister requiring his constant residence, anything that can not be attended to by the consul and the official banker, let it be made known.

I am not so Utopian as to suppose this course will be followed. It will be forbidden by the interests of snobbery, which finds in the minister an unliveried usher into the presence of royalty. With these will co-operate the advantage to the peripatetic American of his finding in foreign capitals some gentleman of social position on whose attentions he can feel he has a claim. It is an advantage I have frequently enjoyed myself, and no traveler can have less personal reason for quarreling with our foreign legations. But if the foreign minister is kept at court as a society man, as an introducer of Americans able to travel, let the fact be confessed. If that be a fit and economic object for the United States, let this centennial of the Constitution be celebrated by raising our ministers to the rank of ambassadors. They will

be much more efficient introducers to fine society. They will then be able to ask audience of the king or queen, instead of taking their turn along with ordinary ministers, like people at a ticket-office. Their wives will not have to storm empress or queen for an interview, compelling those ladies to swallow their disgust on pain of offending a great republic.

In England the monarch has no constitutional power to transact any business; a minister, theoretically sent to that country solely for business purposes, has no constitutional position at court; but deliberately raised from ministerial to ambassadorial rank for the sake of higher social position, he is at once created a full-blown courtier. As an ambassador, no longer understood to be an agent of the people, he may frankly select those of his countrymen and countrywomen whom he thinks presentable at court or in fine society, or able to reciprocate his favors, without inventing excuses for not introducing plebeians; this, hitherto, being a chief exercise of his diplomacy. Above all, the minister will no longer have to enter dining-rooms or ceremonial places at the coat-tails of this or that small ambassador. The ministerial heart knoweth its own bitterness in that transition from the drawing-room to the table, and a stranger can hardly comprehend it. In recent years, when precedence has become at Washington a matter of more anxious care than in London, this fly in the ministerial ointment has been growing huge. A prosaic republican or democrat might regard precedence implying allegiance to an hereditary monarch as without honor, and a second place, symbolizing the confidence of a free people, as the nobler rank; but such would not understand how completely the foreign minister has been hurled out of the democratic system. He has passed into a new system whose central sun is royalty; the pomp and the ribbons he once thought rubbish are now of starlike grandeur; from the central throne flows the fountain of honor, and distance from that royal Sun measures the winter of discontent.

I heard a minister, distinguished at home by radicalism and championship of human equality, bemoaning his hard lot in not having the rank of an ambassador. "A large part,"—he might have said the whole,—"a large part of my duties consists in attending

dinners, and I have to enter behind A and B because they are ambassadors." "But," I remarked, "is there not a certain honor in your second position? The ambassador represents the person of a ruler—" "And I represent the person of the President!" he cried. "I supposed you to represent a nation, by nomination of their chief magistrate and suffrage of their Senate." "I am accredited to a court by the President." "Then surely you should be an ambassador," I was about to say; but his tone was too pathetic to admit the satire. Here was a shrewd man, grown on a plain Puritan stem, so affected by the court atmosphere that he actually esteemed it greater honor to be the flunkey of a person than the representative of a Republic!

Under influences of what is significantly called the "American Court," in the European capitals, such reversions are familiar. I have seen eminent republican officials from the United States moving in companies with ribbons around their necks and gold medals attached, in imitation of the decorations displayed by the noblemen about them. I have heard others, in after-dinner speeches, so flatter the reigning monarch that the monarch's own subjects broke into contemptuous laughter. "Some of these days," said a titled personage, "we may have to go to America to preserve our dignity!" If this kind of thing is self-respecting, honorable, and altogether lovely; if its steady reaction on society in America be wholesome, and worthy of the Republic, why then let us send abroad ambassadors. Let us go the whole figure, and play no second fiddle in the minuets of monarchy.

But there may be some left whose idea of aristocracy still is, "If any will be great, let him serve." It may even be that the honest people have not heard with pleasure of the circular issued from their legation in London stating that only those Americans who have a certain social distinction and rank at home can be presented to the Queen; and that they would not be willing, consciously, to support abroad official discriminations which would not be tolerated at home. It may be that it is without inquiry that there has been able to continue a system idle as it is costly for any benefit to this country, while cruel as it carries the prestige of the Republic to assist the enemies of mankind.

THE YOUNG FOLKS.

THE SARDINIAN DRUMMER BOY.

BY EDMONDO DE AMICIS.

ON the first day of the battle of Custoza, the 24th of July, 1848, about sixty soldiers belonging to one of the Italian infantry regiments, having been sent to occupy an isolated house on a height, were unexpectedly attacked by two companies of Austrians, who, firing on them from different points, barely gave them time to take refuge in the house and hastily barricade the doors, leaving several dead and wounded in the fields. After barricading the doors, the Italian soldiers hastily ran to the windows on the first floor, and began to pour a steady fire into the assailants, who were gradually advancing in a semicircle and replying vigorously.

The sixty Italians were commanded by two subalterns and a captain, a tall old fellow, lean and severe, with white hair and mustaches; with them there was a Sardinian drummer boy, a boy not much more than fourteen years old, and who scarcely appeared to be twelve; he was small, with an olive-brown face, and two sparkling little deep black eyes. The captain was directing the defense from a window on the first floor, shouting his orders like pistol shots, and with no sign of emotion on his hard face. The drummer boy, who was a little pale, but firm on his legs, got up on a table, and was stretching out his neck to see out of the windows and leaning against the wall; through the smoke he saw the white uniforms of the Austrians, who were slowly advancing through the fields. The house was situated on the summit of a steep slope, and on the side toward the slope had but one small window, high up, which looked out from the garret; therefore the Austrians did not threaten the house from that side, and the slope was clear: their fire was directed only toward the front and the two sides.

But it was an infernal fire, a hail of leaden bullets, which on the outside cracked the walls and crumbled the tiles, and on the inside smashed ceilings, furniture, window-frames and door-posts, filling the air with splinters, clouds of plaster, and bits of pot-

tery and glass, hissing, rebounding, crashing into everything with a noise fit to drive one mad. From time to time one of the soldiers who were firing from the windows fell back on the floor and was dragged to one side. Some tottered from room to room, pressing their hands on their wounds. In the kitchen there was already one dead man, with a ball through his forehead. The semicircle of the enemy kept closing up.

All at once the captain, who until then had been impassible, was seen to show signs of uneasiness, and to stride out of the room, followed by a sergeant. About three minutes afterward the sergeant came running back and called the drummer boy, beckoning him to follow. The boy ran after him up a wooden staircase and went with him into an empty garret, where he saw the captain, who was writing with a pencil on a sheet of paper, leaning against the window, with a well-rope on the floor at his feet.

The captain folded the paper, and, looking with his cold grayish eyes, before which all the soldiers trembled, into the eyes of the boy, said abruptly:

"Drummer boy!" The drummer boy saluted. The captain said, "You've got grit." The boy's eyes lighted up. "Yes, captain," he answered.

"Look down there," said the captain, pushing him to the window, "in the plain, near the houses of Villafranca, where there is a glittering of bayonets. Those are our friends, standing idle. Take this note, catch hold of the rope, slide down from the window, run down the hill, go through the fields, reach our friends, and give the note to the first officer you see. Chuck away your belt and knapsack."

The boy took off his belt and knapsack, and put the note into his breast pocket; the sergeant threw out the rope and grasped one end of it with both hands; the captain helped the boy pass backward through the little window. "Take care," he said to him, "the safety of the detachment depends on your courage and on your legs."

"Trust me, captain," replied the drummer boy, swinging himself out.

"Stoop as you go down," said the captain again, helping the sergeant to hold the rope.

"Never fear."

"God help you."

In a few moments the boy was on the ground; the sergeant drew up the rope and disappeared; the captain sprang to the window, and saw the boy flying down the hill.

He was already hoping that he had succeeded in escaping unobserved when five or six little clouds of dust, which rose from the ground both before and behind the boy, warned him that he had been seen by the Austrians, who were firing at him from the top of the hill. Those little clouds were earth thrown up by the bullets. But the boy continued to run at a break-neck pace. All at once he fell.

"Killed!" roared the captain, biting his fist. But he had scarcely said the word, when he saw the boy get up. "Ah! only a fall!" he said to himself, and breathed again. In fact, the boy began to run again as fast as he could; but he limped. "A sprained ankle," thought the captain.

A few more little clouds of dust rose here and there around the boy, but they were always further off. He was safe. The captain gave an exclamation of triumph. But he continued to follow him anxiously with his eyes, because it was a question of minutes: if he did not get down there as quickly as possible with the note which requested immediate relief, either all his soldiers would be killed, or he would have to surrender and become prisoners with them. The boy ran swiftly for a while, then limped and slackened his pace, and then broke into a run again, but he seemed to become more and more fatigued, and every little while stumbled, and paused for a moment.

"Perhaps he has been hit by a glancing bullet," thought the captain, and he shudderingly watched all his movements, and encouraged him, and spoke to him, as if the boy could hear him; he measured incessantly, with keen eyes, the distance interposing between the running boy and the glittering of arms which he saw down there in the plain in the midst of the wheat-fields, gilded by the sun. And meanwhile he heard the whistling and the noise of the bullets in the rooms below, the imperious and angry cries

of the officers and sergeants, the groans of the wounded, and the crashing of the furniture and plaster. "Up! courage!" he cried, following with his gaze the distant boy. "Forward! run! He has stopped, curse him! Ah! he is running again."

An officer came, out of breath, to say that the enemy, without ceasing their fire, were waving a white rag as a summons to surrender.

"Don't answer!" he cried, without removing his eyes from the boy, who was already in the plain, but who was no longer running, and who appeared to be dragging himself along with difficulty.

"But get on! run!" said the captain, grinding his teeth and clenching his fists; "kill yourself, die, scoundrel, but go on!" Then a horrible oath burst from him. "Ah! the infamous coward, he has sat down!" In fact, the boy, whose head, till now, he had seen projecting above a wheat-field, had disappeared, as if he had fallen. But in a moment, his head came into view again; finally he was lost behind the hedges, and the captain saw him no more.

He then flew downstairs; it was raining bullets; the rooms were encumbered with the wounded, some of whom reeled about like drunken men, catching at the furniture; walls and floor were spattered with blood; corpses were lying across the doors; the lieutenant's arm had been broken by a ball; everything was in a whirl of smoke and dust.

"Courage!" yelled the captain. "Stick to your posts! Relief is coming! Courage for a little while longer!" The Austrians had drawn nearer yet, their contorted faces loomed through the smoke; above the rattle of the firing rose their savage cries, insulting, demanding surrender, threatening slaughter. Occasionally a soldier, terror-stricken, retreated from the window; the sergeant drove him back. But the defenders' fire was slackening; their faces showed discouragement; it was impossible to prolong the resistance. Suddenly the firing of the Austrians slackened, and a thundering voice shouted, first in German, then in Italian:

"Surrender!"

"No!" howled the captain from a window. And the firing began again steadier and fiercer on both sides. More soldiers fell. Already more than one window was without defenders. The fatal moment was close at

hand. The captain was muttering between his teeth in a broken voice, "They're not coming! They're not coming!" and he ran furiously about, twisting his saber in his clenched hand, resolved to die, when a sergeant, coming down from the garret, cried in a loud voice, "They're coming!"

"They're coming!" the captain repeated with a shout of joy. At this shout all, unhurt, wounded, sergeants and officers, rushed to the windows, and once more the resistance grew fierce. A few moments after, a sort of uncertainty and beginning of disorder were remarked in the enemy. Immediately, in great haste, the captain formed a small company downstairs, with fixed bayonets, ready to make a sally. Then he flew upstairs again. He had scarcely got up there, when they heard a hurried tread, accompanied by a formidable hurrah, and from the windows they saw advancing through the smoke the two-cornered hats of the Italian carabinieri, a squadron dashing along at full speed, and the flashing of sword-blades brandished in the air, descending on the heads, shoulders, and backs of the enemy. Then the little troop rushed out of the door with lowered bayonets; the enemy wavered, became disordered and took flight; the ground remained clear, the house was free, and a short time after the height was occupied by two battalions of infantry and two cannon.

The captain, with his remaining soldiers, rejoined his regiment, fought again, and was slightly wounded in the left hand by a glancing ball, in the last bayonet charge. The day ended in victory for us.

But the day after, the fight having begun again, the Italians were overwhelmed, in spite of a brave resistance, by the superior numbers of the Austrians, and on the morning of the 26th they were compelled to retreat sorrowfully toward the Mincio.

The captain, although wounded, marched on foot with his soldiers, who were tired and silent, and toward sunset reached Goito on the Mincio, and immediately sought out his lieutenant, who had been picked up, with a broken arm, by our ambulance, and who had arrived there first. He was directed to a church, where a field hospital had hastily been installed. He went there. The church was full of wounded, reclining on two rows of beds and mattresses stretched on the

floor; two doctors and various assistants were anxiously going and coming, and stifled cries and groans were heard.

On entering, the captain stopped and looked about him, in search of his officer. Just then he heard a faint voice close by, calling to him:

"Captain!"

He turned around: it was the drummer boy; he was stretched on a trestle bed, covered up to the chest by a coarse window curtain with little red and white squares, with his arms out; he was pale and thin, but with his eyes still sparkling, like two black gems.

"Are you here?" the captain asked him, in an astonished but stern manner. "Bravo! You did your duty."

"I did what I could," answered the drummer boy.

"Have you been wounded?" said the captain, looking around for his officer in the beds near by.

"What would you have?" said the boy, who took courage to speak from the proud pleasure of being wounded for the first time, and without which he would not have dared to open his mouth in the presence of his captain. "I had to run like a hunchback; they saw me immediately. I should have arrived twenty minutes sooner if they hadn't hit me. Fortunately I found a staff captain directly to whom to give the note. But it was hard coming down after that lick! I was dying of thirst, kept thinking that I shouldn't get there, and was crying with rage to think that with every minute's delay some one was going to the other world, up there at the house. Bah! I did what I could. I am contented. But, allow me, captain. Look at yourself, you are bleeding."

In fact, from the captain's badly bandaged palm a few drops of blood were trickling down his fingers.

"Do you want me to tighten the bandage, captain? Hold it out a moment."

The captain held out his left hand, and put out his right to help the boy to undo and retie the knot; but no sooner had the boy raised himself from the pillow than he grew pale, and was compelled to rest his head again.

"Enough, enough," said the captain, looking at him and drawing away his bandaged hand, which the boy wished to keep;

"take care of yourself instead of thinking of others, because even slight things can become serious when they are neglected."

The drummer boy shook his head.

"But you," said the captain, looking at him attentively, "you must have lost a good deal of blood, to be as weak as that."

"Lost much blood?" answered the boy, with a smile. "More than blood. Look!"

And with a jerk he pulled off the covering.

The captain stepped back, horrified.

The boy had but one leg; his left leg had been amputated above the knee and the stump was bandaged with rags which were covered with blood.

Just then a fat little army surgeon passed in his shirt-sleeves.

"Ah! captain," he said quickly, nodding at the drummer boy, "that is an unfortunate case; a leg which could have been saved easily if he had not forced it in that mad way; a cursed inflammation; it had to be cut off at once. Oh, but . . . a brave

boy, I assure you; he didn't shed a tear nor utter a cry! On my word of honor, I was proud that he was an Italian boy, while I was operating. He comes of a good stock, by Jove!"

And he hurried away.

The captain frowned, and looked intently at the drummer boy, while drawing the covering over him again; then, slowly, almost without knowing it, and still looking at him, he raised his hand to his head and lifted his cap.

"Captain!" exclaimed the boy in surprise, "what are you doing, captain?—to me!"

And then that rough soldier, who had never said a gentle word to an inferior, replied in an inexpressibly soft and affectionate voice:

"I am but a captain; you are a hero."

Then he threw himself with open arms on the little drummer boy, and kissed him three times on the heart.

ON A ROSE.

FROM THE PAVEMENT AT THE GATE OF A PUBLIC SCHOOL.

BY E. A. DUMBLE.

A SCHOOL-CHILD plucked thee,
 Gentle flower,
 And lost thee here;
 And lo! for thy untimely hour
 The dew has dropped a tear.
 So wondrous fair,
 And yet a thousand hurrying feet
 Have passed,
 And heeded not the fragrance
 Thou hast cast
 Upon the desert air.
 But not in vain
 Thy beauty lies forlorn;
 From every bruised leaf
 And petal torn,
 Like prayers from broken hearts.
 Sweet odors rise,
 And from the dusty pavements,
 Seek the skies.
 Thus ever in these lives of ours,
 With man the same as with the fragile flowers,
 Vexed by the storms of life, and tossed and driven,
 We seek above the cares of earth,
 The sweet repose of Heaven.





HEAD OF OUR FINEST BULL.

From Specimen in the National Museum, Mounted by Wm. T. Hornaday.